THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 36. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HIBERNIAN GOSSIP.

A "Citizen" Correspondent Writes Interestingly of the Sayings, Doings and Principles of the Ancient Order.

The Organization About the Only Visible Evidence of Irish Patriotism in America.

For years the columns of THE CITIZEN have been at the service of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in this city, and except on occasions of note, they have not availed themselves of the privileges at their disposal. I am at a loss to understand this. Surely there are every month many events worthy of mention in the life and progress of the Order, which, if read by the members in the weekly press, would be of interest and benefit to the brothers. When a member's knowledge of the Order is limited to his own division, his interest in the society is small. When he sees each week some news of what his co-workers are doing, all through the community and State, he feels in fraternal touch with their work, and his faith in the organization is strengthened by the testimony of his brothers' devotion to the cause. The news of what takes place in the more distant branches of the organization does not interest so much as that which he hears concerning those in his immediate neighborhood, the subject of which will be his topic for conversation outside, and of discussion inside, of his division. The news from afar off may be true or owe its interest to the facile pen of the newspaper man, but that which concerns our own State he can, if necessary, verify by personal inquiry.

The official organs of societies have their subscribers' list confined to members of those societies, and are seldom, if ever, read by those outside of same, while the news of societies included in the columns of an independent journal reaches a varied list where much missionary work might be accomplished and the good seed carried to new and fruitful soil. For those two reasons, namely, to afford our brothers in Chicago an opportunity of hearing of the progress of the Order in our own county and State, as well as to seek new recruits among the readers of THE CITIZEN, I have ventured to encroach on the editor's patience and generosity, claiming a column each week in the leading Irish national journal of America, for the "gossip" of the A.O.H. It is eminently proper that in the national journal of Chicago there should be news of the A. O. H., because but for this Order there would be no public manifestation of Irish national spirit in this great republic, of which we are humble and grateful citizens. Remove the banners and regalia of the Ancient Order from our land, and excepting the occasional parade of a handful of military, there would be no public evidence of organized Irish national spirit in any State of this union.

It is also appropriate at this particular period of Irish-American history that our fellow-citizens, of kith and kin, should learn something about the Order which, for some six years, suffered so much at the hands of open foes and more from pretended friends. The careful and devoted officers who guided the ship during its hour of peril, from '89 to '94, have now the satisfaction of knowing that the gallant bark, well manned, is ploughing the waves of progress, fast reaching the harbor of success. There may be a rat or two in the hold somewhere, but without sustenance he cannot live, and our timbers are too sound to harbor vermin.

New counties organized, new divisions enrolled, membership increased; such was the report at the meeting of the State Board at Ottawa. This, too, a net report, after running the pruning-knife around the tree and lopping off the weaker branches. What better evidence or promise of present health and future greatness is needed? And that State Board meeting in Ottawa last month, what a proof of the vitality, the fidelity of our representative Hibernians! Still to the front, as for years back, were stalwart Costello of Bloomington, genial Dineen of Ottawa, sturdy McCarran of Rockford, the jolliest of presidents, Alex Moore of Danville, while the tall Sycamore of Sangamon county, hearty Willy Reilly, was the most dignified sergeant-at-arms. See the young faces coming to their help, rich in the experience of their elders, fired with the enthusiasm of youthful love for motherland, P. B. Flanagan of Cook, urbane and eloquent; Dan McGlynn of St. Clair, brilliant and painstaking; E. J. Kelly of LaSalle, logical and energetic; Conghlin of Kane, earnest and pushing; McNamee of Bement, a business man in every fibre of his system; how can we fail to succeed when from all sides of our great State comes such wit, energy and devotion to work and struggle for the old flag?

From the meeting of the State Board dates a new era of Hibernianism in Illinois, and I believe its work will be proved even when the State convention assembles at Danville. The State President and his confreres in office desire to say to our brothers that while they are willing to accept any and all invitations kindly extended to them, they desire at least a month's notice, as the dates of several recent events were sadly mixed.

The brothers of Jacksonville will hold their annual picnic on Sept. 11, and anyone who can make the trip from Chicago will be sure of a hearty welcome from Brothers Harrigan, Gaugherty and Keating, who are hosts of the best kind and brothers among the truest.

The A. O. H. have the future of our race on this continent in their hands. Their perfect organization will be the breastwork behind which will rally the future soldiers of Irish nationality. To preserve these bulwarks intact in their usefulness, those in the watch-towers must be awake. The sentinels of the night must be alert lest into our camp may creep men of evil thought, who, like the fell spirits that hovered around Eden, look with envy on our unity and long to drop poison into the ear of the doubting, thinking the result will drive the unwary into their net. Be choice in the selection of your membership and the value of it will be enhanced. If there are any unworthy of the privileges of our Order they will soon appreciate the fact that they are not wanted and will drop from our rolls. Be courageous in the enforcement of our laws. Be fearless in their administration, and the rank and file will approve your work and support your actions. Be impartial in your treatment of members, no matter what their position and you will win the esteem of the brotherhood. Our work is not for today or tomorrow, for one man or one State, but for all time, and the elevation of a whole nation. F. R.

CONQUERING CONSERVATISM.

[*To the Editor.*]

"Triumphant Democracy" was the rather premature title of the literary effort of a leading and wealthy citizen from Pennsylvania some few years ago. It would seem to be well that it is rather, what Mark Twain would call, "too previous." A monopoly based on permanancy is not at all a desirable thing either in public or private life. Since the early days of the Pharoahs we are reminded of the truth of this. They lashed the Chosen People when a long dominancy of power led them to view the Israelites as chattels in Egypt. The manufacture of bricks without straw does not seem to be an occupation productive of pleasure or profit, and in this work the Liberals of England may be compared to the children of Moses. It has been the custom of the English Liberals to contemptuously style the Tories the 'Stupid Party." In view of late happenings it would appear that Rosebery, Harcourt & Co. are, in stock-brokers phraseology, "long" on stupidity. At any rate proposed honors to Cromwell and antagonism to the powerful liquor interests of England do not seem over and above clever moves. In fact, to equal the incapacity and treachery of this so-called Liberal ministry we must recall the famous cabal ministry of Charles II when the threatening guns of the Dutch were first heard on the Medway and when Buckingham and Lauderdale handed over the English monarch as the pensioner of France.

The action of the party on the liquor question was simply suicidal. As John Bull's love for beer is only equal to his predilection for roast beef the Liberals under Harcourt committed the insane folly of putting themselves in national opposition to the newly enfranchised masses. Pot-house politicians are numerous in the land of the Briton. "Thick as leaves in Vallambrosa" are they to be found in "the pub," as the saloon is known in England. The publican or saloonkeeper is their guide, mentor and friend and at election time, like his American contemporary, he is a power in the land, a sort of political mandarin as it were. This is the class that the "clever" Liberals alienated and no wonder they went down before the storm.

Hodge and the saloon man on the other hand have been received with open arms by the squire and his Tory friends. The best the "pub" can afford is at their service. So is the landlord's equipage. The smile of the Primrose Dame is no less powerful, and, taken all 'round, it may be said that during election time Hodge has "struck a good thing."

The imperial instinct is strong in the British breast, and it is here that the Tories are potent. The workingman, amid the insular surroundings of his island begirt house, is told of the greatness of his country abroad and he immediately votes for the party of the army and the empire. Glory abroad, rather than peaceful progress at home, is the bait with which the "stupid" party secures the support of the masses.

These are some of the means by which the Conservatives have ridden into power. They have at any rate been honest in their protestations. They have not called a spade an agricultural implement. Time has not altered the sincerity of their ancient shibboleth, "Church and King" has merely developed into "State and Empire." Hence it may be easily seen that the stupidity is not all on one side and that England's greatness abroad largely depends upon that eternal vigilance which is born of Tory aggression. W. J. PURCELL.

LOW RATE EXCURSIONS

To the West and Northwest.

On Aug. 29, Sept. 10 and 24, 1895, the Northwestern Line will sell homeseekers excursion tickets, with favorable time limits, to a large number of points in the West and Northwest at very low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

"Children of the Soil," an Interesting Story Translated From the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin.

The Late Rev. Ulick Burke's "Easy Lessons in Irish"—Dr. Douglas Hyde's Latest Work.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

The most indefatigable worker in the literary hive in this country is, perhaps, Jeremiah Curtin, the well-known translator and folk-lore collector. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston have just placed a new volume, translated by Mr. Curtin from the Polish of Henry Sienkiewicz, the famous novelist. This author is a man of wonderful genius and his tales are not noted for their brevity, the usual size of one of his hostorical romances being from about three hundred thousand to three hundred and fifty thousand words. No one who reads one of the novels, however, regrets the immense length of it, and so far as interest and literary excellence are concerned, it might with good reason run out to twice the length.

The title of this book in the original is "The Family of the Polanyetskis"; Mr. Curtin has substituted "Children of the Soil," because of the difficulty of the Polish title for American and English readers, because the Polanyetskis are called children of the soil in the text of the volume, and because all the other characters are children of the soil in the same sense. The main theme of the story is as follows:

Pan (the Polish equivalent for Mr.) Stanislav Polanyetski, the scion of a poor but noble race, after living in Belgium long enough to imbibe liberal notions, returns to Warsaw and enters into business with Paul Bigiel, a man of bourgeois origin. They are successful, but in extending their business more capital is needed, and the story opens with Pan Stanislav going to the village of Kremen, which belongs to a distant connection to whom his mother had loaned money on a mortgage. Pan Plavitski has an only daughter, Panna (Miss) Marynia, who practically manages the place and keeps the wolf from the door, the proprietor being inane, incompetent, vain and feeble. Pan Stanislave spends Sunday at Kremen and narrowly escapes falling in love at first sight with the fair young mistress of the place. But when he tries to obtain the money from Pan Plavitski, and realizes that it is hopeless, he loses his temper, resists the motion of his heart, returns to Warsaw and sells his claim to Pan Mashko, an advocate, who, relying on false pretensions to birth and fortune, is trying to worm his way into society.

Pan Mashko buys not only the claim but Kremen. The anventurer then offers himself to Marynia, but the girl takes a great dislike to him. Besides, in spite of Pan Stanislav's cruel hardness to her in making her give up her beloved Kremen, she really loves him, and after a time circumstances easily bring about an engagement between them. Pan Mashko, who in a more melodramatic novel would have wreaked his revenge on his rival, contents himself with a milk-and-water spinster like himself, who pretends to have quite a fortune but really has nothing. Pan Stanislav marries Panna Marynia and goes to Italy on their wedding tour.

There are a number of little side plots that lend considerable interest to the main story, such as the love affair of the young poet, Pan Ignas Zavilovski, with Panna Lisetta Castelli, an adventuress whose unworthiness Pan Ignas discovers just on the eve of the marriage ceremony.

Sienklewicz is a remarkable student of human character. In this novel it is the every-day life of the Polish capital that is displayed before us, but the characters all stand out with the utmost distinctness, absolutely unblurred, painted with all the minute accuracy of a Meissonier. It is a wonderful revelation of human pettinesses and human genuinenesses. All of the personages are true to life. Their hidden motives, revealed under the dissector's scalpel, are seen to be working as they must work—not alone as Poles, but as fellow mortals with kindred hearts and souls. Long as the story is—longer it might easily be—you would not have it shortened; you would not object to know what became of Pan Zavilovsky or of the adventurer Mashko, or of several others who flash out into the darkness like sparks from an anvil.

Mr. Curtin tells in his preface that the translation of this novel was made in many places, in different countries, at various intervals, and at moments snatched from other work. He began it, he says, in Ireland, continued it in London, Edinburgh, Rome, Naples, Florence, Russia and in the outer Hebrides, and finished it in Warren, Vt.

It is in many respects a wonderful work, for it gives the flavor of the original and at the same time it is extremely interesting in English. "Children of the Soil" may be classed as a great psychological study and picture of life, and in this respect it easily ranks with "Romola" and "Anna Karenina." Mr. Curtin deserves the hearty thanks of English readers in general for his enterprise in exploiting the masterpieces of Polish fiction, of which the above is not the least important.

"Children of the Soil" is published by Little, Brown & Co., 254 Washington street, Boston, Mass., and retails at two dollars.

—

One of the most enthusiastic Gaelic scholars and teachers of modern times, was the late Rev. Ulick Burke, of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, Ireland. The chief object of his life seemed to be the preservation of the Irish language. He labored in conjunction, a worthy aide-de-camp, to the saintly Archbishop MacHale, and his enthusiasm and energy infused new life into the movement when it seemed the most weakly. Since he began his life-work, the Gaelic revival has never receded in interest, but has grown steadily; and at the time of his death Canon Burke had the satisfaction of seeing the Irish language firmly established in the National Schools of Ireland, as a regular study, and prizes competed for at annual meetings.

The work of stimulating the movement by teaching and organizing classes was not the greatest achievement of Canon Burke. He has left behind him an excellent Gaelic grammar for the use of English-speaking students, a catechism, and best of all his work "Easy Lessons in Irish."

This latter is a work of almost four hundred pages. It begins with easy words, forming them into simple sentences and leading the beginner on gradually until, before he is actually aware of it, he is master of quite enough Irish to hold an ordinary conversation in the language. It is designed as a means of self-instruction in Gaelic, and any one, with ordinary intelligence and a little perseverance, can in a few months master the fundamental principles of pronunciation and grammar, at the same time being possessed of quite a vocabulary of Irish words and idiomatic phrases. Niceties in accent can only be gained, as in all other languages, by contact with native speakers, but the body of a language once acquired, the accent is only a secondary consideration and not an absolute necessity; it will be readily acquired by careful attention when the words become familiar.

There has been no book of instruction in the Irish language, except perhaps the little pamphlets published by M. H. Gill & Son, of Dublin, which became so popular and so universally used, as Burke's "Easy Lessons." All classes in the Irish language, in Ireland, England, Scotland, this country, Canada and even in the Antipodes have used it. It is a standard work. It was published in this country by Haverty, but the edition having become exhausted and the cost and risk of getting out a new edition were so great it was not attempted until lately, when Mr. P. J. Kennedy, the well known Catholic book publisher, took the matter in hand and announced his intention of getting out the work. He had numerous difficulties to encounter. Some of the plates were lost, more broken and a number injured so as to be practically useless. In nowise discouraged, Mr. Kennedy had the missing parts supplied and brought out the book in a much handsomer form than before. Burke's "Easy Lessons in Irish" costs one dollar, and can be had from the publisher, P. J. Kennedy, 5 Barclay street, New York.

—

The indefatigable Dr. Douglas Hyde has just published another collection of Irish stories in the original Gaelic. They are not in the Irish type, but are printed in Roman letters just as Scotch-Gaelic is usually done. This may not please a number of the radicals in the Gaelic revival movement, as they insist upon the old style of type being used, always, in Gaelic printing. There are many advantages, however, in advancing the cause of Gaelic being set up in the ordinary letters; copy can be handled by every printer with a little practice, the typewriter can be used in correspondence and composition, and the new typesetting machines can also be brought into play. Dr. Hyde's new book is a splendid example of what may be done with the Gaelic in Roman type. It is a beautiful piece of typography, and with a little patience the orthography becomes as familiar to the Irish scholar as though he were reading it in the Celtic letters.

"An Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach" is the title of the book, and may be translated as "The Gaelic Tales." They have been taken down from the relation of Irish peasants and are mostly folk-legends. The names of the narrators have been appended to the different stories, and many people, who never supposed their names had Gaelic equivalents, will be surprised at the appearance of them in this book. MacSeonin is the ingenious way in which Dr. Hyde renders the unmistakably English name of Jennings into Irish. I do not think any one ever saw that name given in a Gaelic form before, and, unless I am much mistaken, the translation belongs solely to Dr. Hyde by right of discovery.

The book will be of considerable interest to Gaelic students, as the stories are written in simple language, easily mastered by beginners; they are delightful reading and will tend to make the study of the language more interesting. As this is marked part one, there are evidently more to come; but Dr. Hyde cannot give us too many; he is always a fascinating writer and his works are very instructive.

White Star Line.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per the White Star Line steamship Teutonic, sailing from New York Sept. 4: Miss Dora Reece, Mrs. Platt, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, A. O. Downs, Miss Forbes, Mrs. Elizabeth Nadin, F. A. Hamilton, M. Happee, Owen Eagan, Evan E. Fossum, Mary A. Eagan, Lizzie Eagan, Peter Eagan, Michael Eagan, Edward Eagan, Lawrence Eagan, Miss Crangle, Mrs. Jane Bennett, Miss Anna Danielson, Chicago; Miss Lydia Stenbom, Ottumwa, Ia.; Mr. and Mrs. Lars Loe, St. Paul, Minn.

IRISH POLITICS.

A Correspondent "Over the Water" Has Something to Say About How Parties Stand in Ireland at Present.

He Criticizes Amer'can Federationists and Lauds the Independents, as He Calls Them.

[*To the Editor.*]

As a reader of your paper, and an admirer of the principles which you, and it so eloquently advocate, perhaps you will allow me to write a few words on the above text. I have a very good opportunity of reading many Irish-American newspapers advocating the different sections into which Irish Nationalists are divided today, and regret to say few of them grasp Irish politics as they really stand. I have been in Irish politics since a boy, believing ever with Mitchel, that the strength of parliamentarianism, or constitutionalism, was in an extreme and sterner movement behind. I state this that your readers may judge my letter fairly and not suppose me to be unduly prejudiced to either side. The McCarthyite papers, I have not the least hesitation in stating, are hopelessly misled by their Irish news agents. A reader of the —— —— since 1876, I followed with interest the revolutionary movement in America, while that paper was consistent, or national, and have since taken care to secure copies of papers which truly represent how the revolutionary movement proceeds, or retrogrades, in America. I confess I am greatly surprised that the advanced section of Irishmen who countenanced, perhaps as a means to an end, the movement when led by Parnell now denounce is so strongly when a band of men, fighting back to back against the most fearful odds, are endeavoring to keep the same green banner afloat, but this later on.

If Irish-Americans were fully acquainted with what must be apparent to any man who has followed the political actions of the Irish Whigs since the betrayal of Parnell, their treachery to the Irish cause, I cannot bring myself to believe any honest Nationalist man of them would identify himself with such a party. Scarcely any Irishman at the present day is unacquainted with the horror and detestation in which the memory of Sadlier and Keogh is held. The Parnellite party, when led by the chief, were pledged not to accept themselves, nor solicit for their friends or relatives, a situation under the government. When the betrayers broke away, while professing to follow up that policy, their first concern was to secure government appointments for their friends and relatives. It is unnecessary for me to occupy your space with instances, one example will suffice. Mr. Denis Kilbride's brother was appointed a removable magistrate at a government salary of £650, with extras. What would —— —— say to that in '76? What would Dr. Emmet and the rest of the Federationists say if instead of Kilbride "Ned" Harrington, the Parnellite, had been appointed? Would not America have rung with execration on the treachery? Yet no note of objection was raised on your side of the Atlantic by the pure-souled and moral patriots that masquerade as Nationalists at federation meetings. They allowed the poison to be injected without a protest, until the body earthly has been corrupted, and the Kilbride appointment might be multiplied by thousands.

Let us examine why Parnell was overthrown. Certainly not on account of his sin. His followers twice swore fealty to him as their leader, after the verdict in the divorce court. He was sacrificed to appease the non-Conformist conscience by a splendid piece of state-craft on the part of faithless Saxons, by which they removed from their path the only constitutional Irishman who showed a bold, unpurchasable and conquering front to Britain since the days of Owen Roe. Both men were foully and treacherously removed. For the removal of Parnell we were promised home rule, the release of the political prisoners, and the restoration of the evicted tenants. On the word of their so-called leader, Mr. Justin McCarthy, we have it that the Irish party under him "held the Liberal government in the hollow of their hand." They used that power, not in the interest of home rule, not in the interest of our imprisoned fellow-countrymen, not in the interest of the evicted tenants, but in providing their relatives and friends with government situations, and "privately" selling the Irish seats for Saxon gold. This shameful fact has not been denied, nor can it be, as there are now four Irish Nationalist seats represented by four official Liberals. Keogh and Sadlier stopped at selling themselves, our latter-day Whigs go one step further, and parcel out their countrymen at so much a head. These are acknowledged incontrovertible facts, and any Irish-American who knows this, and follows their lead, to my mind should not count in Irish-American politics.

With these remarks I am done with the American Federationists. To return to my subject—The Independent cause of Ireland. We have here fighting by every legitimate means in our power, two powerful forces, the party of traitors who are selling Ireland as their own private chattel on the English market-place, and the most powerful organization in Ireland, the Irish priesthood who are at present throwing the dust of morality and religion in the people's eyes, while they are intriguing with the Saxon to sell our birthright as a nation for a university bill. If either of these two powers conquers the Independent Nationalists, Ireland will be garrisoned by a people who will be more conservative and Saxon than the English themselves. This fact I wish to impress on the extreme party who will meet in your city on the 24th of September next to inaugurate the New Movement. I have been led to write this letter from a series of interviews I have had with a citizen of yours and a respected and dear friend of mine, Mr. P. F. Holden, of Chicago. He holds extreme views, or, at least, views which in Ireland are looked on as extreme. Before he left Ireland he was, to my knowledge, a Parnellite; perhaps he will be better described, like many more of us here at home, as a man prepared to accompany Parnell's principles as far as they go, and who believed with him "that no man dare place a bound to a nation's aspirations."

Well, he has gone beyond this now. From every platform from which he spoke during the general election, he made no secret of the sentiments he entertained towards the glorious British constitution, and how he thought the wrongs of Ireland should finally be righted. I will ask him to tell his confreres in Chicago how his sentiments were received by the vast audiences he addressed. I myself on the night of his arrival in Waterford heard him address the magnificent meeting which thronged our widest and principal street, the Mall, to welcome our city member, and he propounded the doctrines of Fitzgerald, Toue, Emmet, O'Brien, Meagher, Mitchell, O'Mahony, Stephens and John O'Leary, and the principles of the New Movement, with a fire and eloquence which set the monster meeting wild with enthusiasm. Did Mr. Redmond censure him for his advanced opinions? He was the first to congratulate him on his spirited speech.

Our hearts go out in sympathy across the water with millons of God speeds. Why should you flout us if we believe we still may win our nationhood on constitutional lines? Why strive to starve out the gallant band who are holding the fortress for you in the old land against the fearful odds I have tried to point out? Believe me, with the death of Parnellism the last glimmer of hope for Ireland for generations will die out. Good Irishmen and true are still in Ireland; don't expect too much from us, circumstanced as we are. While perfecting your arrangements and awaiting your opportunity, why neglect or discourage those who hold the fortress at home? I ask my American fellow-countrymen to weigh well the consequence of trying to discourage the disinterested and patriotic efforts of the Independent Nationalists of Ireland. "NED OF THE HILL."

August 25, 1895.

[We can have nothing to do with factions.—ED.]

HYMENEAL.

EAGLE-JAEGER.

Mr. Walter Eagle and Miss Caroline Jaeger, both of this city, were married at the Cathedral of the Holy Name last Wednesday morning, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. A solemn high mass, with full choir, was celebrated. The nuptial ceremony was performed by the Rev. Walter Elliott, the celebrated Paulist missionary to non-Catholics, uncle and godfather of the bridegroom. He was assisted by the Rev. M. J. Fitzsimons, the Rev. Father Mooney, the Rev. P. J. Muldoon and the Rev. Father Barry. The Cathedral was beautifully festooned and decorated in honor of the happy event. It was also illuminated by thousands of electric lights, which greatly augmented the scene.

Father Elliott came specially from New York to assist at the nuptials. Madame F. M. Eagle, of the Order of the Sacred Heart, has been stationed at the convent, next door to the Cathedral, for years, but the rules of the Order would not allow her to leave the house to be present at the wedding.

Promptly at 11 o'clock the great organ of the Cathedral pealed forth the joyous notes that announced the coming of the bride. Miss Maud Jaeger, the bride's sister, attended as maid of honor, and Miss Lollie Prindiville, Miss Elsie Stitzel of Louisville and Miss Winifred Stitzel of Louisville acted as bridesmaids. The bride was lovely in a rich white satin gown, which was beautifully adorned with old duchess lace. She wore a long tulle veil and carried bride's roses. The maids wore white organdie, trimmed with dainty white ribbons.

The groom was supported by his brothers, Harry R. and John Eagle. Fully 500 guests were present at the church, and after the services a wedding breakfast was served to the immediate relatives at the residence of the bride's mother, 399 North State street. The bride and groom left for a trip through the North, and will be at home to their friends at 351 Chestnut street after Oct. 1.

Holy Family Church Bazaar.

Last Monday evening, at Sodality hall, May and Eleventh streets, the second meeting of the promoters of the Holy Family church bazaar was held, Rev. Father M. P. Dowling, S. J., presided, and Mr. James J. Keenan, prefect of the Married Men's sodality, acted as secretary. Encouraging reports from the executive committee and presidents of the various tables were received. If enthusiasm is any indication, the indebtedness of the Holy Family church will be only a myth when the earnestness of the good people of the parish is put to a test. The interest taken shows that the bazaar will be a grand success. The next meeting will be held Monday evening, Sept. 16, at the same place.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

LABOR'S HOLIDAY.

TWO LARGE PARADES IN ITS HONOR AT CHICAGO.

The Other Words Up in a Picnic, Where Speeches Are Made by Prominent Citizens —Hardie and Swinton at the Auditorium at Night—At Various Other Places.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—Christopher Columbus from his perch on the Lake front saw the parade of the Chicago Labor congress. Ten thousand people in addition to Chris looked at the marching hosts of labor. They lined both sides of Michigan avenue from Lake street to Twelfth. It was a distinctly Debs parade, for the banners and floats which led it were worded in expressions of sympathy for the man now confined in Woodstock jail. There were at least a dozen of these, and the people on the sides of the boulevard cheered them as they passed. The most conspicuous were as follows: "The constitution has been stabbed in the back by the federal judges." "Government ownership of telegraph." "Government by injunction is despotic and will not be tolerated." "Trial by jury don't go now." "Debs is in jail—the railway managers are at large by order of the courts. Queer, isn't it?"

Horseshoers' Union in the Lead.

Preceding all these statements was a banner upon which the face of Eugene V. Debs was printed. The parade was ticketed to move at 11:30 sharp, but it did not—which is characteristic of all sorts of parades. But the start was made at last and there was a long line of men of brown for Kier Hardie to review. The Horseshoers' union was the first organization to come by. Its members wore red shirts with big horseshoes on their breasts. They looked pretty well and there were a good many of them, perhaps 500. They had one float which bore a peculiar inscription. It read: "To the dead we bestow a Christian burial." One man in the crowd of spectators suggested that perhaps the float rightfully belonged to the undertakers' union, if there is such an organization, and it puzzled him to find out what such a declaration had to do with horseshoers.

Under Red, White and Blue Parasols.

The tailors were next. They made a good appearance by carrying red, white and blue parasols, and they seemed to be able to "fit" in all right. There was a wagon among them which carried about twenty little girls industriously engaged in sewing. On the wagon was a big piece of canvas with the words: "This is what we want to abolish with the assistance of all fair-minded people." On another banner was inscribed: "We will abolish sweat shops, long hours, low wages, and child labor." The cigarmakers came after the tailors. The typographical unions, as usual, presented a good appearance, and they were heartily cheered as they came along. Among the other divisions were the upholsterers, wood carvers, box makers, cloak makers, and miscellaneous labor organizations. The black horses of Kirk's soap company were utilized according to the custom of past years. This year eight of them, driven by one man with reins thirty feet long, hauled a wagon bearing a hydraulic engine with the mechanics on board.

Not as Large as Usual.

The parade was not as large as it has been in past years. To an observer who is used to seeing long processions it was evident that fewer men were in line than ever before. Without making an actual count it appeared to some of the spectators as if there were not more than 2,000 men in line on Michigan avenue, consequently the showing made was not as good as usual. The procession moved south to Twelfth street, thence west to Ashland avenue. At Union park it was reviewed by Keir Hardie, Frank Smith and John Swinton, of New York.

Kier Hardie and John Swinton, the New York socialist, addressed a large audience last night at the Auditorium and explained why they believed socialism to be the best system of government.

PARADE OF THE BUILDING TRADES.

Four Thousand Men Keep Step to Union Labor Music.

One excellent reason why the parade described in the foregoing was not so large as usual was the fact that this year the elements that had gone to make up the parades of former years had disagreed, resulting in two parades. The other line was formed by labor organizations represented in the Building Trades Council. The bodies taking part therein gathered at the southeast corner of Market and Randolph streets and the vicinity.

It was 10 o'clock when the first section of the procession took its preliminary position on Market street, near the corner of Randolph. It was the "Fraternete Unis des Charpentiers and Menuisiers d' Amerique," and 300 men were in line. A French band was at the head of the union. Soon after the arrival of the French-American union came the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners. This organization carried a beautiful banner, bearing on its face the words "Labor Omnia Vincet." This organization had many banners and transparencies. Some of the beliefs of this union, as shown by the banners, were: "We Live By Work. Our Hands Are Our Bread Winners," "We Want Shorter Hours," "Trustful We Are, but Watchful," "Do Unto Others as You Would Be Done By," "Our Country and Our God—then Labor."

One banner had the words: "This is labor's only day; nothing but work for another year." In the ranks were Metalworkers, Painters, Steamfitters, Sailors and various other unions, making up a total of 4,000 or 5,000 men. There were a number of floats illustrating different handicrafts. A diminutive Ferris wheel in colors, draped with flags, was carried in a float manned by a dozen carpenters. Along the streets thousands watched the parade form, and a great cheer went up when Lieutenant Cudmore, with a detail of twenty-five men from the Chicago Avenue station started down Market street followed by the unions and a dozen bands.

After the parade the Building and Trades Council celebrated the balance of the day with a picnic at Ogden's grove. Speeches were delivered by Colonel W. P. Rend, Lawrence E. McGann, J. C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania, and Mayor Pingree, of Detroit. Athletic sports of all kinds and dancing were there for those who preferred to cultivate the muscles as well as the mind, and the day was spent very happily.

There were a couple of parades at South Chicago also, each ending in a picnic.

The weather was simply perfect for the occasion.

Letter from Debs Read.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Sept. 3.—The Labor Day celebration here was enlivened by the reading of a long letter from Eugene V. Debs, in which he denounced Judge Woods as "a judicial tyrant," and predicted a mighty mustering of the forces of labor in the near future to "crush out oppression." Senator Voorhees also spoke vigorously. He attacked Judge Woods strongly and praised Debs. He also attacked the United States supreme court in bitter language.

How It Was Observed Elsewhere.

ALTON, Ills., Sept. 3.—Labor Day was duly observed here as a holiday. A parade in the afternoon of the trades and labor unions was followed by a picnic at Turner garden, where addresses were made.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—Yesterday afternoon, wherever over this continent there existed a local or district assembly of the Knights of Labor, there was adopted denunciation of what is characterized as the "usurpation and tyranny of the federal courts, as manifested in the committal for contempt of Eugene Debs and his associates of the American Railway Union."

BOSTON, Sept. 3.—Organized labor observed its holiday in Boston with its usual parade and with almost innumerable sports and amusements.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Sept. 3.—Labor Day was observed in Rockford by a general suspension of business, nearly every factory in the city shutting down.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Sept. 3.—There was no celebration of Labor Day at the capital. The banks were closed, and so were most of the public offices, but the trades unionists to the number of several hundred went to Peoria to take part in the celebration there.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—The weather was perfect, and there was hardly any labor organization in the city but what had mapped out for itself a parade or an outing. For the first time in many years the Central Labor Union did not parade.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—Labor Day was duly celebrated at innumerable points, among them Cincinnati, Louisville, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Buffalo.

DECIDED AGAINST FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

Fair Citizens Cannot Vote at the Coming Election in Utah.

SALT LAKE, Utah, Sept. 2.—The supreme court has decided that women cannot vote at the coming election in November. This reverses the recent decision made by Judge Smith at Ogden. The cases came up on appeal in the suit of Sarah E. Anderson against Charles Tyro, registration officer at Ogden, involving the question of women voting. Chief Justice Merritt rendered the decision. He said Judge Bartch and himself had arrived at a conclusion, Judge Jing dissenting on the subject.

Mrs. Anderson had asked that her name be placed upon the registration list. Judge Merritt said the Edmunds-Tucker law had not been repealed and would remain effective until statehood was achieved. Section 2 of the enabling act had extended the franchise among males, but had not referred to females. To allow females to vote would be in conflict with the act and was forbidden. There had been stress laid upon the fourth section of the enabling act where the "qualified voters of the state" were authorized to vote.

In his view these qualified voters were those qualified under existing laws and the enabling act. There had been no intention on the part of the constitutional convention to allow women to vote at the first election, in November next, but to allow them to vote thereafter.

KNIGHTS ELECT THEIR OFFICERS.

Sir Knight Thomas, of Kentucky, Selected for Grand Master.

BOSTON, Aug. 30.—A soaking rain made the outdoor amusements of the Knight Templars anything but pleasant. The day was an important one, however, in the grand encampment, for officers were to be elected. This business resulted as follows: Grand commander, Warren Larue Thomas, of Marysville, Ky.; deputy grand commander, Reuben H. Lloyd, of San Francisco; grand generalissimo, Henry D. Stoddard, of Texas; grand captain general, George M. Moulton, of Illinois; grand senior warden, Henry W. Rugg, of Rhode Island; grand junior warden, W. B. Melish, of Cincinnati. After the elections were completed Thomas feelingly thanked the encampment for the honor conferred on him.

The committee on time and place of next meeting reported in favor of Pittsburg, and their report was unanimously adopted, the time being the second Tuesday in October, 1898. The grand recorder's report shows a total membership of 106,770, the state having the largest number being Pennsylvania with 10,948, Massachusetts and Rhode Island have 10,334, New York 10,355 and Illinois 9,109.

Declares Bradley Not Justified.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Sept. 2.—The conduct at Eminence which caused Colonel Bradley, the Republican candidate for governor, to retire from the platform, and the subsequent action of the Republican campaign committee in declaring all further debates between Bradley and Hardin off, has caused the greatest political sensation known in Kentucky for years. Chairman Norman, of the Democratic campaign committee, has sent a letter to the Republican committee in which he uses the following language: "I beg to deny that there was any discourtesy, intentional or otherwise, offered Colonel Bradley, or any disturbance that justified his action. I must therefore decline to cancel the dates for the joint debates."

German-Americans Visit Bismarck.

FRIEDRICHSRUHE, Aug. 31.—The German-American veterans of the Franco-Prussian war visited Bismarck, and four of them were deputed to address him. They presented him with an honorary membership in the Chicago Veterans' association. He thanked them for the honor and requested the four spokesmen to drink with him in silence to the memory of Emperor William I. He avoided politics in his conversation, but trusted that the Germans in America would never forget their fatherland.

Thirteen Miners Drowned.

DENVER, Aug. 30.—News is received from Central City to the effect that thirteen men employed in the Sleepy Hollow and Americus mines, situated midway between Blackhawk and Central City, lost their lives by an overflow of water. As yet none of the details of the disastrous occurrence can be learned, but it seems that in these mines heavy underground flows of water are occasionally encountered.

The Cholera in Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 2.—Official returns show that there have been 2,025 cases of cholera, and 718 deaths from that disease in the government of Volhynia between July 11 and Aug. 17.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS REPORTED BY TELEGRAPH.

Some of the Principal Events of the Past Few Days Given in Condensed Form and Placed Together for the Convenience of Our Readers.

DECATUR, Ills., Aug. 30.—C. M. Lane, an attorney who has been trying to prosecute gamblers, has been calling on local officials to stop pool selling at race tracks. No attention was paid to him and he distributed on the streets handbills in which he said that States Attorney Isaac R. Mills, Mayor D. H. Conklin, Sheriff Jerry Nicholson and Marshal William W. Mason were catering to 300 hundred gamblers, worse than burglars.

He said these officers, sworn to enforce the law, had sold out their offices and were perjured scoundrels. Last night these officers had a conference and issued a warrant charging Lane with criminal libel. Deputy Sheriff Holmes and States Attorney Mills at 10 p. m. went to Lane's house to arrest him. He was not there. Officers are now hunting him.

BRUTAL MURDER OF A WOMAN.

Southern Illinois Fair Closes with a Dastardly Crime.

ANNA, Aug. 31.—The southern Illinois fair closed here with a brutal and cowardly murder. John Jones, a notorious citizen of this place, beat and kicked to death a woman named Mendenahl. Jones had an eating stand on the fair grounds and Mrs. Mendenahl was cooking for him. She asked for her pay, and an altercation ensued which ended by Jones knocking her down and kicking her so that she died in an hour.

Mrs. Mendenahl was a respectable woman and had a husband and children. Jones was promptly arrested and is in the county jail at Jonesboro. He killed a man named Champion here about twelve years ago and served six years in the penitentiary.

SHOT WIFE AND STEPDAUGHTER.

Then Stood Off His Would-Be Captors for an Hour.

DECATUR, Ills., Sept. 2.—George E. Allen shot his wife and step-daughter, Minnie Deffenbaugh. Her wound is fatal; the wife will recover. Allen sat on the porch after the shooting and kept his neighbors off with a revolver for an hour. Finally he called for tobacco and a match. They were taken to him, and as he lighted his pipe he was overpowered. He is now in jail. He refuses to say why he tried to kill the women. Friends who know him and who say he is industrious and peaceable, say he was overheated last week. They think he is insane.

Texas Fever In Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 29.—The state board of live stock commissioners reports that an official inspection of the outbreak of Texas fever at Mt. Sterling, Brown county, shows the disease had been brought into Illinois by cattle shipped from the Union Stock yards at St. Louis. The disease is under control in Brown county and no further trouble is anticipated.

Met a Terrible Death.

CAIRO, Ills., Sept. 3.—Jacob Kline, one of the best known men in this section, a wealthy brick manufacturer, and about 65 years old, was killed by a hot kiln of brick caving in on him. The fire department was called out and cooled down the brick so that the body was reached and taken out a shapeless, unrecognizable mass of charred flesh and bones.

Accusing Editors Given a Chance.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Sept. 2.—It is stated that State's Attorney Graham will call upon editors of newspapers and others who have made charges of legislative boodling to state before the grand jury whether or not the alleged boodling was done in this county, with a view to ascertaining whether the local court has jurisdiction in the cases.

Have Both Sides Indicted Now.

LEWISTOWN, Ills., Sept. 2.—The grand jury has indicted Farley and Clark, the Chicago detectives who are charged with kidnaping Oscar Baughman and Ellis Brown, and with conspiring to cheat Fulton county. Other names were presented to the grand jury, some of them citizens of Canton, but no action was taken.

Death of H. L. Halliday.

CAIRO, Ills., Sept. 3.—Henry L. Halliday, president of the Halliday Milling company and vice-president of the City National bank, of this city, died last evening at his residence on Upper Washington avenue in this city in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

Flag Floats at Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Sept. 3.—The public and Roman Catholic schools opened, and in accordance with the new law the United States flag was floating from each school. The Lutheran schools opened today, and the professors of Concordia college say the Lutherans will ignore the law.

Been Married for Fifty Years.

CAIRO, Ills., Sept. 2.—Captain B. F. Clark and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary here Saturday evening. Captain Clark is prominent in Grand Army circles.

Fidol Couldn't Lower the Record.

GALESBURG, Ills., Sept. 3.—Fidol went against the stallion pacing record of 2:03¼ yesterday afternoon. The mile was made in 2:03½.

State Notes.

Belzchazzar Krieg killed himself near Virginia, Ills.

The Rev. John Frazier of the Methodist church of Colona, Ills., is insane. He escaped from his home in his underclothing only and ran to Warner Station, where he was caught.

Big Bend, Ills., reunion has closed, 5,000 people being present. The parade, headed by forty-five young women, followed by fifty or more decorated carriages, was the feature of the day.

At Rockford, Ills., Albert Bass fell from a roof and was fatally injured.

The fire in Pana, Ills., mine No. 1 has been subdued and the imprisoned night force is safe. The men made their escape through mine No. 9.

Luther Ladlin Mills will assist in the prosecution of the mob who drove the negroes out of Spring Valley.

A Mobile and Ohio freight train struck a man walking along the track near Alto Pass, Ills., knocking him sixty feet down a steep embankment. He was instantly killed. His clothing bore the name of R. B. Keith

MAN HUNT ENDED.

Dr. Fraker, an Insurance Swindler, Found at Last.

DULUTH, Sept. 3.—After a hunt that has lasted two years, in which the insurance companies interested spent thousands of dollars without avail to discover an alleged dead man alive, and finally had to pay his presumptive heirs the whole amount of his life insurance, $48,000, the man has been captured alive, and the companies have been vindicated in their assertion that the insurance was taken out for the purposes of fraud—and fraud that has apparently been successful so far as its beneficiaries are concerned.

Dr. Fraker Found in Minnesota.

The man insured is Dr. George Fraker, of Topeka, Kas. He was alleged to have been drowned in the Missouri river two years ago. But he was captured Sunday in the woods near Tower, this state, and has admitted his identity. He will go back to Kansas without a requisition. He said he had no intention of defrauding the companies at first. He fell into the Missouri accidentally, but swam out on the opposite side of the river. Learning from the newspapers next day that he had been drowned he concluded to let it go at that, so his heirs could get the insurance.

Offered $20,000 for His Capture.

The case is one of great general interest because of a reward of $20,000 which was offered for his capture. Fraker is a physician and up to the latter part of 1893 was physician to the St. Elmo hotel, the leading hotel in Excelsior Springs, a famous health resort near Kansas City. Together with seven or eight companions the doctor went fishing on the Missouri river one day, and after dark, and while in company of George Harvey, James Triplett and Jake Crowley, a negro, he disappeared and was seen no more. These parties afterwards swore positively that they witnessed his drowning while rowing in a leaky boat, but after a strict search his body could not be recovered.

ENGLISH-IRISH-AMERICANS

Organize in Massachusetts Incidentally for Political Recognition.

LAWRENCE, Sept. 3. — A remarkable movement was inaugurated in this city at a meeting held in Spinner's hall. Its object is to organize into a compact body all the residents of Lawrence who formerly lived in England, who are of Irish parentage, and who have since become American citizens. The motive of the new organization is to combine its members for social and fraternal purposes, and, incidentally, to make their influence as citizens felt in local and general politics.

As soon as the local club is well under way, measures will be taken to organize the element in Lowell, Boston, Fall River, Providence, New York, Philadelphia and other cities, the ultimate purpose being to form a national organization. It was estimated that the elements number in this city not far from 1,000 voters.

Colonization Scheme Gets a Shake-Up.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., Sept. 3.—There has been a big shake-up in the Columbia colonization capital which has the Victor dam enterprise in hand, and General O. O. Howard of Chicago and his brother have severed their connection with the concern. The company proposed to construct a dam at the Victor narrows, on the Mojave river, and by means of a natural reservoir, to store water enough to irrigate 800,000 acres on the desert. It was the biggest irrigation scheme ever attempted in the southwest. The cause of General Howard's withdrawal is not known. Messrs. Foster, Sweet and several other Chicago capitalists are behind the scheme and announce their intention of proceeding with the work.

Cup Races Begin Next Saturday.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—The conferences between Lord Dunraven and the cup committee resulted in the issuance by the New York Yacht club of the announcement which follows: The match for the America's cup will consist of best three out of five races, over courses thirty nautical miles in length, with a time limit of six hours. The match will commence on Sept. 7, and will be continued on alternate days.

Receiver for a Car Factory.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 2.—Chancellor Sneed in chancery court has appointed E. A. Nixon, general manager of the Memphis Car and Foundry company, receiver for that corporation. The liabilities are in the neighborhood of $300,000, with assets of $775,000. The company recently moved its plant from Litchfield, Ill., to Binghamton, six miles east of this city.

Injunction Against a Boycott.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—Judge Chetlain has issued an injunction restraining the officers of local union No. 5 of the Master Horseshoers' Protective association from circulating notices to the effect that James Harrington, of 175 Ontario street, is no longer a member in good standing, done in pursuance of a boycott the union is working against Harrington.

The Corbett-Fitzsimmons Fight.

DALLAS, Sept. 2.—The civil code which levies a tax of $500 for every contest between man and man has gone into effect in this state. The tax will be tendered to the collector and if he refuses to issue a license mandamus proceedings will be entered by the Florida Athletic club and the supreme court called on to pass upon the case.

Broke His Neck Diving.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—William Cline took his wife to the lake to show her what a good swimmer he was. Having donned his bathing suit he got up on the pier about seven feet above the water and dived. The water was but two feet deep and he broke his neck.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Live Stock and Produce.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 18,000; sales ranged at $3.40@4.45 pigs, $3.95@4.55 light, $3.90@4.10 rough packing, $4.05@4.45 mixed, and $4.15@4.60 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 19,000; quotations ranged at $5.50@5.85 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.80@5.40 good to choice do, $4.30@4.65 fair to good, $3.50@4.15 common to medium do, $3.45@3.80 butchers' steers, $2.40@3.15 stockers, $2.25@4.00 feeders, $1.40@3.70 cows, $2.50@4.00 heifers, $1.75@3.60 bulls, $2.60@3.60 Texas steers, 2.50@4.75 western range steers, and $3.60@6.00 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 17,000; sales ranged at $2.50@3.10 westerns, $1.75@2.75 Texans, $1.75@4.40 natives, and $2.75@5.00 lambs.

No other market reports, Labor Day having closed the exchanges.

HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, Aug. 28.

The Paris police have definitely ascertained that the letter, or infernal machine, which exploded in the office of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild was posted in that city.

Matt W. Ransom has been reappointed minister to Mexico so as to get around a law that made his first appointment invalid.

The German-Americans who fought in the Franco-German war and are now on a visit to the fatherland were given a hearty welcome at Bremenhaven.

When George Washington was defeated at the battle of Long Island by the British in 1776, 400 Maryland troops defended the rear of Washington's army on the retreat and were nearly wiped out. A handsome monumen in their memory has just been dedicated in Prospect park, Brooklyn.

The Illinois state board of equalization met yesterday, but adjourned to give the committees time to work on the matter now in their hands.

The latest South American republic to change rulers is Ecuador. The old government is packing up at Quito, ready to move, and the revolutionists are marching on.

Thursday, Aug. 29.

Ten of the Chinese vegetarians who had a hand in the Ku Cheng outrage have been convicted. This, in China, means a short shrift.

There now seems very little doubt that every depositor in the defunct bank of Dan Head & Co., Kenosha, Wis., will be paid 100 cents on the dollar.

Captain Streeter and William Cox, who are charged at Chicago with having forged a United States patent to lands recovered from the lake, have been held in $2,000.

In the Montana Methodist conference the question of admitting women to the general conference on the same footing as men was decided in favor of the women by a vote of 34 to 4.

The factional fight that has been going on for some time in Chinatown, San Francisco, between the See Yup and the Sam Yup families has culminated in the disruption of the Six Companies.

George Stuckman is in a dangerous condition at Bucyrus, O., the result of a spider bite. He was mowing weeds and was bitten by a small spider.

Friday, Aug. 30.

Jim Thomas and Bishop Lane quarreled over a guitar on a train ten miles west of Texarkana, Ark. The train was in motion, and Thomas drew a pistol and shot Lane as he was beginning to escape to the next coach. Lane fell between the cars and was horribly mangled.

John Wrenneck, aged 26, of Shelbyville, Ind., is locked up for the murder of his mother. The deed was done while Wrenneck was under the influence of liquor.

Spelman Bros., New York importers of fancy goods and toys, have failed with liabilities of over $200,000.

The duke of Orleans, head of the French royalist family, has resigned all claim to the French throne.

The cotton firm of Staub & Guyer of Cornigliano, near Genoa, Italy, has failed for over 1,000,000 lire ($200,000).

Saturday, Aug. 31.

And now here comes Treasury Auditor Willie and says that minister to Mexico Ransom cannot have a cent of salary until he is confirmed by the senate.

The Rome correspondent of the London Standard telegraphs that Mgr. Zalewski, apostolic delegate to India, is destined to succeed Mgr. Satolli at Washington.

The jury to try Theodore Durrant for the murder of the Lamont girl has been completed at San Francisco and the trial will begin Monday.

The attorney general of New York has begun suit to prevent the American Tobacco company from doing business in the state, holding that it is an illegal combination.

H. M. Romberg, of Decatur, Ind., has been sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment in Germany for whipping a German officer. The offense was committed before Romberg came to this country.

In the third trial race between the Defender and Vigilant off New York harbor, the Defender beat her antagonist across the home line five minutes in a twenty mile run—ten milesr an drtenu'

Monday, Sept. 2.

The attempt at Kansas City to keep the saloons closed Sunday has been abandoned and saloon men are jubilant.

Queen Marie Henrietta, of Belgium, was thrown from her horse while jumping a ditch near Liege and her head cut. She was not seriously hurt and remounted her horse. King Alexander, of Servia, on the same day was nearly drowned at Biarritz while practicing swimming. His instructor lost his life.

Methodist church ladies at Lansing, Ia., canvassed the saloons for contributions to their pastor's support and were very successful.

Alix, the famous trotting mare, was so lame that the race against time at Toledo, O., was abandoned and she was ordered home as speedily as possible.

The German Methodist conference at Milwaukee unanimously sat down on the proposition to admit women as delegates to conferences.

G. W. Green, a compositor on the Boston Daily Standard, set 12,330 ems uncorrected and 10,720 ems corrected in one hour on a Mergenthaler machine.

Colonel John Bradbury, of Los Angeles, undertook on a wager to circumnavigate the globe in ninety days, taking his wife along. He lost his bet by two days.

Tuesday, Sept. 3.

There are 150 Roman Catholic parochial schools in the Chicago diocese, and these, as well as the Lutheran parish schools, are depending on the offhand opinion of Assistant Attorney General Newell on the Illinois school-house flag question and will not fly "old glory" to any great extent.

The mineowners at Central City, Colo., have agreed to put in pumps of sufficient capacity to free the Americus and Sleepy Hollow mines of water. It is believed that the bodies of the fourteen miners can not be recovered in less than a month.

The proposed ship canal between Lakes Michigan and Erie, it is claimed, will surely be built. The company backing the enterprise, which consists of Detroit and Toledo business men, has the route surveyed and will ask congress at its next session to make an appropriation to complete the work.

Bishop Marty, Roman Catholic, of St. Paul, has promulgated a decree against the Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows, and Knight Templars.

General Weaver has been to Texas, and comes back with the report that the old parties in that state are practically dead and the Populists sitting on the corpses.

FIELD ATHLETICS AT CHICAGO.

Crum, the Iowa Sprinter, Does Some Fast Running, Winning Two Events.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2.—In the athletic games here under the auspices of the Chicago Athletic association the men of that organization carried off the majority of the events in which they entered. Much interest was shown in the work of Crum, the young Iowa sprinter, as giving a line on what he may do when he meets the Englishmen in the east. Crum entered in the 100 yards and 200 yards, and captured both events easily. He made the 100 yards in 10 seconds flat and the 220 yards in 21 4-5 seconds, making a new world's record for a circular track, and equaling the English record for a straightaway.

Copeland, of Monroe, Wis., won the 880 yards run in 2:04 3-5, and the one mile in 4:39 1-5; Henneman, of St. Louis, the 16-pound shot-put, 38 feet 1½ inches, and the 16-pound hammer throw, 102 feet, 6¾ inches. The other events were all won by Chicago men: Runing broad jump, 21 feet 4 inches, Farraut; high jump, 5 feet 6 inches, Hess; pole vault, 10 feet 6 inches, Culver; 440 yards dash, Jackson, 0:52 2-5.

CARNEGIE PUTS IN A WORD.

Wants England to Settle the Irish Question Because It Worries Uncle Sam.

LONDON, Sept. 3.—In a long letter from Andrew Carnegie, which is published in The Times, Carnegie urges that the paper exert its influence to bring about a pacific solution of the Irish question. Such a course, Carnegie says, "would probably command support in Canada, Australia, and all the large cities populated by our race abroad." Carnegie then says that the language of the call for a convention of Irish-Americans at Pittsburg, Pa., shows the despair and disappointment of men who see in the advent of the Conservative party of Great Britain to power no hope for justice for Ireland. The letter than gives Carnegie's views in favor of home rule at considerable length, and concludes with saying: "The question is not only a British one, but unfortunately an American as well, casting its baneful influence over our politics."

May Hurt the Feelings of France.

LONDON, Sept. 3.—In a leading article the Globe expresses the opinion that the German celebrations endanger the peace of Europe. The tone of the Berlin papers, says the Globe, has been offensive, and such as to needlessly wound the feelings of the French people. The emperor, the Globe further says, has allowed himself on more than one occasion recently to use language which is, at least, capable of being misunderstood.

Close of the Bar Association.

DETROIT, Aug. 31.—The American Bar association has closed its meeting, the final proceedings being the election of officers—Moreficld Storey, of Massachusetts, being elected president, and John Hinkley, of Maryland, secretary; addresses by Rev. Lyman Abbott, of Brooklyn, and Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, and a banquet at night. Dr. Davis' address was on the importance of the study of medical jurisprudence to students of law.

Body of Robt. W. Inman Found.

SOUTH BEACH, S. I., Aug. 31.—The body of Robert W. Inman, who was drowned from his yacht Adelaide after a collision with the steamer Perseus Monday night, was found on the beach at this place yesterday afternoon. There was no trouble about identification. As he was a good swimmer it is supposed that he must have been struck by the steamer's paddle-wheel.

Heavy Failure at Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 3.—Henry H. Wolfe & Co., 644 West Main street, one of the largest wholesale clothing firms in the south, have filed a deed of assignment in the county clerk's office. The firm owes $200,000 to $250,000 and has assets which they believe will equal if not exceed that sum. T. W. Spindle has been named as assignee.

Window Glass Scale Settled.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 2.—The window glass scale for the year beginning with Sept. 1 was settled at a conference of manufacturers and workmen here by the manufacturers conceding an advance over last year's scale of 7½ per cent. The settlement, which is a compromise, affects about 20,000 men.

Bissell Denies That Report.

MARION, Mass., Aug. 31.—Ex-Postmaster General Bissell has joined his family, which is spending the season here. Bissell says there is no truth whatever in the report that he has been offered the place on the United States supreme court bench made vacant by the death of Justice Jackson.

Have Chosen a Cup Defender.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—After the trial race between the Defender and Vigilant yesterday the America's cup committee announced that the Defender had been finally chosen to meet the Valkyrie for the cup.

THE DEATH RECORD.

ROBERT A. BURCH, managing editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

WILLIAM SHEFFER, an old settler of Aurora, Ills.

HENRY PLOCK, a pioneer resident of Burlington, Ia.

CHARLES B. FRANCE, prominent financier, at St. Joseph, Mo.

ISAAC HECHT, prominent merchant and capitalist, at San Francisco.

Major GEORGE W. RENWICK, at Elgin, Ills.

I Am Glad

To tell what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I had rheumatism in my legs and frequently I had to get up at night and walk to relax the muscles. I also had stomach trouble. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has cured the rheumatism and helped my stomach trouble. Hood's Pills are the best I ever took." H. A. MELVIN, Sisters, Oregon. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. $1.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25 cents.

CONSOLATION.

Waking, I dreamed, and deemed my vision true,
Waking, I dreamed of love which never dies.
Ah, rapturously I blessed all things I knew
And felt the blessing of the earth and skies,
Till o'er my daydream sank a night's despair,
A sleepless night of misery and care,
That veiled with tears the vision from mine eyes.

Waking, I dream no more, yet needs must sing,
For when the day is fled with sunset feet,
Across the pillow of my couch I fling
My tangled locks, and gladly nighttime greet,
I sigh for joy and close mine aching eyes,
And sleeping dream of love which never dies.
And sleeping dream and deem my vision true!
Vae!
Thus consolation lights grief's blinded eyes.
—Mary Berri Chapman.

HE NAMED THE DAY.

His name was Jim Hitchens, and he was a carpenter "to his trade." Her name was Melia, and she was old Binks' daughter, and the neat little brass plate affixed to the door of her modest abode bore the inscription, "Miss Binks. Dressmaker."

Miss Binks was a very genteel young woman, and in aspiring to keep company with her Jim Hitchens was considered to be decidedly "bettering" himself.

Keeping company being, it should be observed, a sort of intermediary process, something between mere ordinary acquaintanceship and that more definite and satisfactory condition which is assumed only on being actually invited to "name the day."

Consequently, when I repeat that Jim Hitchens and Miss Binks were keeping company, I do not wish to imply that they were by any means arrived at that blissful condition which, in a higher walk of life, is known as "being engaged."

Oh, dear, no! Matters were not nearly so far advanced as that, though it was possible that, with time and care, they might reach such a point.

Jim Hitchens had not been keeping company with Miss Binks for more than 15 years at a stretch, and those people who insisted on reckoning the time as 25 did not really know the ins and outs of the affair half so well as they pretended, the additional ten years which they thus indiscriminately tacked on to the period of probation having merely been passed in a species of light skirmishing and entirely without prejudice.

And so they kept company.

Every Sunday afternoon at 3:30 Jim, in all the unaccustomed glory of a clean shave and his Sunday suit—you could tell his Sunday suit at the end of the street by the creases in it—called for Miss Binks, and they made a solemn progress "down street" or "up street," as inclination or the force of circumstances directed.

There was not a great deal of conversation indulged in, because in order to converse brilliantly it is, if not necessary, at least advisable to have some topic on which to express opinions. Consequently, as Miss Binks had no opinions outside her own business, and always talked most freely with a row of pins between her teeth, and Jim Hitchens was equally circumscribed in his ideas, not many words passed between them on these occasions.

Just as the gentleman was on the point of taking his departure the lady would be apparently struck by an original idea.

"I s'pose you wouldn't come in and take a cup o' tea along o' father and me?" she would inquire with modest diffidence.

This unexpected invitation, though repeated Sunday after Sunday as the years rolled by, never failed to take Mr. Hitchens entirely by surprise.

"Well," rubbing his left whisker, "I dunno, but o' course if you puts it that way, Miss Binks, why"—

Then she would open the door, and he would follow her meekly into a little room where a little old man would be dozing peacefully in an elbow chair, with a blue cotton handkerchief spotted with white over his head.

Miss Binks would take off the kettle, and then turning to the little old man bend down and shout in his ear:

"Fa-ather, here's Mr. 'Itchens come to take tea along o' you."

Whereupon her little old parent would whisk the blue cotton handkerchief off his head and, betray vast astonishment at the sight of the visitor.

"Lor', now, to think o' that, Mis-ter 'Itchens! Well, bless me, this is a surprise."

After tea Jim invariably escorted Miss Binks to chapel and sat beside her in the gallery.

His words on parting from her at the door—for matters were not advanced to the state that he could expect to be asked to supper, supper being a more confidential and compromising meal than tea—would be something in this style:

"I dunno, Miss Binks, whether you'd be thinkin o' takin a walk next Sunday if the weather 'olds up?"

To which Miss Binks would reply with maidenly hesitation.

"Well, I 'ardly know what to say about it, Mr. 'Itchens. You see, it depends upon father. He's gettin on and—well, if you care to walk down this way it don't take me long to put on my bonnet"—

By this and the foregoing examples it will be seen that the interesting pair had not yet arrived at that degree of intimacy that would warrant the use of Christian names.

One day, however, old Binks woke up from his afternoon nap, and drawing aside the blue veil of mystery in which he was wont to enshroud his wrinkled countenance during these periods of somnolency made the following remarkable assertion:

"'Melia, my gal," regarding his daughter as she brought all the resources of her art to bear upon a dress she was turning for the butcher's wife at the corner, "'Melia, my gal," he piped, "you're a-gettin on, ain't you?"

Miss Binks, with her mind engrossed with the subject of box plaits, to see nothing of having made a temporary cushion of her mouth, refused under these circumstances to commit herself to anything beyond a monosyllable grunt.

"That young man o' yourn, 'Melia, he's been comin 'ere gettin on fur some time now?"

Again Miss Binks assented, or dissented, for the sound was noncommittal, and wondered what "father" was driving at—a question which he at once proceeded to answer for her.

"I s'pose, Melia, he ain't begun to say nothin to you 'bout 'is hintentions yet awhile?"

"No," snapped Miss Binks, taking a row or two of pins out of her mouth and stabbing a refractory box plait in its most vulnerable part, "not yet he ain't."

"'Pears to me, 'Melia," continued her parent, who had apparently been thinking hard before he again spoke, "that it's time as somethin were said by one or t'other. I courted your mother fowerteen year and three month, and though I don't go so fur as to say I 'olds wi' short courtships as a rule, still I niver 'ad no reason to repent, though they do say marry in 'aste and repent at leeshure. P'raps you'd like me to speak to Jim, friendlylike, and put it to 'im? Not as ther's no need fur 'urry, but somethin might be said def'nit' as to the year arter next, or if that were considered too soon, the one arter that, fur, though I doesn't 'old wi' 'urryin things on, neither, 'Melia, my gal, does I 'old wi' shillyshallyin."

Miss Binks, before replying to her parent's proposition, bit off a thread and seemed to be turning the matter over in her mind and weighing its pros and cons.

Then, with merely some half dozen pins in her mouth, she "up" and spoke, and her words were the words of wisdom:

"Well, father, I won't go for to deny as I 'aven't thought as Jim 'Itchens were a bit over back'ard in comin forrard, and I know the neighbors do talk, so p'raps if you could give 'im an 'int it might 'elp 'im to know 'is own mind, which he don't seem to do not at present, and if it don't do no good I don't see as it could do much 'arm."

Here the clock, giving way to excitement, struck 11 without stopping to take breath.

"Mind you," continued Miss Binks, as soon as the clock had done speaking, and pointing at her father with her needle, "I don't want for you to be 'ard on 'im, only jest to find out what 'is hintentions is, or whether he's got any or's likely to 'ave."

So in the morning old Binks put on his hat—or rather his daughter put it on for him, jamming his head well home—and took his stick and toddled off "down street," charged with the delicate mission of plumbing the unknown depths of Jim Hitchens' matrimonial inclinations.

What transpired in the course of this momentous interview has never been divulged. Possibly old Binks himself might have been to blame in that he failed to bring to bear upon the matter that delicacy and tact for which it preeminently called.

At any rate, when he returned home it was plain that the little old man had been considerably "put about." This at once made itself evident to his daughter, who met him at the door, and taking from him his hat and stick inquired, in a voice in which not even the presence of pins between her lips could disguise the signs of interest amounting almost to eagerness:

"Well, father?"

"Not at all, 'Melia, not at all," was the tremulous reply. "I should say anythin but sich!"

"Lor', father!" exclaimed Miss Binks, with an attempt to quell her rising agitation by placing her hand on her heart—an attempt that was balked by a rampart of her favorite implements of extra large size. "Lor', father!"

She could say no more, but laying violent hands on her parent's coat collar she bore him across the flagged passage into the front room, where, depositing him in his elbow chair, she mounted guard over him. "Now, father, speak your mind."

"'Melia, my gal, it's my belief as he's bin makin a fool o' you. Leastways, all as I could get out o' 'im when I puts it to 'im straight, was as he weren't prepared to go to sich lengths as to menshin any perticler date, as he couldn't abide bein 'urried, nor yet drove—drove was his very words, 'Melia—as he niver see no good come o' it. All as he could and would say was as he'd be round as usual come Sunday."

"Father," cried Miss Binks in a voice choked by emotion and pins, "jest you leave 'im to me!"

Sunday came, so did Jim Hitchens.

Mr. Hitchens leaned against the fence and chewed a twig, wondering at the unusual time taken by his ladylove in putting on her bonnet.

He turned and looked up at the window, but Miss Binks was too quick for him and dodged behind the curtain.

Once the idea of going boldly up to the door and making inquiries presented itself to him, but the idea being altogether too venturesome, and entirely without parallel in the annals of his courtship, was abandoned as soon as formed.

Then the church clock struck the quarter before 4, and with a start Mr. Hitchens realized that his 'Melia was not forthcoming that day.

Mr. Hitchens was flabbergasted. As he slowly turned and left the gate it was to him almost as though the universe were turned upside down.

Mr. Hitchens rubbed his left whisker against the grain and opined that this "were a queer start!" So she meant to give him a go by after all these years, did she? And all because—at least, he s'posed that must be it—he wasn't altogether prepared to rush off and get married in about a couple of years' time!

On the whole, he wasn't sure that he hadn't had a lucky escape. Such a display of temper as he had just been treated to seemed to indicate plainly that she was not the sort of young woman to have made him comfortable. A party as would turn nasty over such a little thing as that wasn't the right party for him.

All the same, as he passed absently along, he was conscious that the prospect of commencing another lengthy courtship at this time of life seemed a very uphill and doubtful sort of one.

As to the lady herself, no sooner did she realize that she had actually sent Jim Hitchens to the right about than she sat down and had a good cry and forgot all about putting the kettle on.

There was, as may be imagined, considerable comment in the town when it became generally known that the courtship of Jim Hitchens and Miss Binks had come to an unexpected and untimely termination.

In fact, it was such a universal topic and source of comment and interest that wherever two or three, particularly of the gentler sex, were gathered together, they were sure to be engaged discussing the latest authorized version of the affair.

Gradually, from the time that Miss Binks had refused to put on her bonnet for his benefit, Jim Hitchens' appetite steadily declined, so that his Sunday clothes, when he had sufficient strength of mind to don them, hung on him in bigger creases than before, his tendency to knockknees increased, and he became more drab colored than ever.

Spring passed, summer came, autumn went and winter was at hand, when one day things went round that Jim Hitchens, who had for a month or two past been troubled with a little hacking cough had taken to his bed.

"'Melia, my gal," said her father about a fortnight later, "I've jest been 'earin as 'ow the doctor's got but small 'opes o' Jim 'Itchens, and—Lor, 'Melia!"

Miss Binks had uttered a sharp, involuntary cry. But it was nothing, she assured her parent, only a pin that she had stuck in a little too deep.

The same afternoon, however, she effectually ruined the kettle's constitution for life by putting it on to boil—empty.

The next morning—it was Sunday—she received a message. She had packed her old father off to chapel as usual, and was giving as much of her attention as was available to the dinner when it arrived.

It was to the effect 'as Mr. 'Itchens presented he's compliments to Miss Binks and would be 'appy to see 'er if she would be so good as to step up that arternoon 'bout 3 o'clock or ha' past."

Jim Hitchens lived in a little drab colored corner house, about half way down High street. Since his illness a married sister had come over from one of the neighboring villages to look after him, else he had always lived alone, with a woman to come in now and then "to do for him."

He was so weak and such a ghost of his former self that Miss Binks' feelings became too much for her, and she, so to speak, boiled over at the sight of him, just like the kettle.

"Oh, Jim," she cried, casting etiquette to the winds, "Oh, Jim, my dear, whatever 'ave you been a-doin of to yourself?"

"Nothin, Miss Binks, nothin to speak of," was the feeble reply.

Then, as she sat down by the side of the bed and listened to his labored breathing, her heart smote her more and more for her faithlessness and cruelty in the past, until the tears ran even down her bonnet strings, rusting all the pins they encountered and taking the starch out o' her best collar.

Half an hour or so passed without another word being uttered on either side. Then the sick man made an effort.

"You'll be wonderin, Miss Binks, why I've took the liberty to send for you, only—you see—the doctor, he don't seem to think as 'ow I'll last much longer—but—afore I go—I thought as I owed it to you—seein 'ow long we kep' company—to"—

The voice was so weak that Miss Binks had to lean down and put her ear almost to his mouth to catch the meaning of the last words.

"To—ask you—to—name the day!"

Jim Hitchens died the same week, but not before Miss Binks had the satisfaction of knowing that "the day," so long delayed, had been fixed at last.

"Ah," she used to say to her sympathizing friends, "pore Jim! We kep' company a goodish while, me and 'im, and the very day was fixed—it were to a-been June twelvemonth—when he up and died. Owsomever, it were a great comfort to me to know as 'is hintentions was honnerable at the last."—All the Year Round.

Of Course He Would.

The auction room was crowded, and the collection of furniture, art and bric a brac being unusually choice the bidding had been very spirited. During an interval of the sale a man with a pale and agitated countenance pushed his way to the auctioneer's side and engaged him in a whispered conversation. Presently he stood aside, and the auctioneer rapped attention with his hammer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in a loud voice, "I have to inform you that a gentleman present has lost his pocket book containing £500. He offers £50 for its return."

Instantly a small man in the background sprang upon a chair and cried excitedly:

"I'll give £100!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Critical Deadhead.

Of the stories Mr. Hollingshead tells it would be hard to beat this one about Charles Mathews:

The waiter at the Manchester hotel, having been sent with an order to the theater by Mathews to see Mathews, was asked by Mathews when he came back how he liked Mathews, and after some hesitation said, "Who's going to pay me for my time?"—London Literary World.

READ

"THE CITIZEN"

Published and Edited by

JOHN F. FINERTY.

A Weekly Journal devoted to American, Irish and General News and Comment, and to History, Literature and Politics, Native and Foreign.

Best Weekly Advertising Medium in the Northwest.

IRISH-AMERICANS

OF

Chicago and the Great West!

Just Consider for a Moment Where You Would be Placed Without a Paper to Voice Your Sentiments!

You will all willingly admit that THE CITIZEN, since its establishment Fourteen Years ago, has kept the torch of Irish Nationality burning untiringly, like the lamp "in Kildare's Holy Fane." In an era of greed and selfishness it has appealed to the higher instincts of Irish manhood in America, and has preached Sound American Doctrine, alike opposed to native and foreign Know-nothingism.

It has not been led away by the Ignis fatuus of English Whiggery, and has fought the good fight and kept the faith, while weaker brethren, even while the Prophet was on the mountain, bowed down and adored an idol in the desert. It is the premier organ of true Irish Nationality, and, as such, should be supported by the people it has championed. THE CITIZEN has kept the colors of Irish Independence nailed to the mast, heedless of the wrath of Ireland's foes. The friends of Ireland should, therefore, sustain it in a manner worthy of the cause.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: $2.00 Per Year.
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. NO CLUB RATES. ONE PRICE TO ALL.

OFFICES, 69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.

The Old Defender Enjoying Desuetude In a Deserted Navy Yard.

The venerable old frigate Constitution, of glorious memory, now lies, stark and gaunt, at the dock in the almost deserted navy yard at Kittery, Me. She is housed in, and with her old fashioned lines, her sides "tumbling home," as it is said when they incline inward, her stern gallery, in which her captains were wont to take the air and their pipes and barrack in pleasant weather, she presents a quaint sight. Of the original ship only a small section of the deck and a few iron stanchions remain.

But she was rebuilt much upon her original lines in 1848 and 1876, first by the son and again by the grandson of Hart, her original builder, so that she is practically the same ship which outsailed Admiral Brooke's squadron and outfought everything at which she backed her topsails. The Portsmouth people regard her as their own individual property and raise an awful howl every time it is proposed to take her away. It was, however, a mere accident that she happened to go out of commission at Kittery navy yard about 18 years ago, and the navy then being in the chaotic state which preceded the creation of the new navy she simply was allowed to remain there. Her guns were of no use and of no historic value, as those with which she had walloped the Guerriere, the Java, the Cyane and the Levant had long gone the way of destruction. So her armament was removed and everything else of value. She was housed in and left to her fate. Her planking is decaying, but as long as her stout timbers stay in the water they will keep as hard as iron.

It is thought that some time in the next few years the Constitution will be refitted like the Constellation and made into a training ship for boys also. Like the Constellation, she has never had steam in her, but when she has been rigged with great square sails and given a spread of canvas worthy of her she has been known to log it at a 14 knot gait during the best part of a cruise. These two frigates are the sole survival of the great frigates of the "poetic age" of the navy, and not all the steel battleships going can altogether deprive them of their usefulness. The Kittery navy yard is as dead as Hector for the present. The people grumble at it and complain because the modern steel ships are not built or even repaired there.—Lewiston Journal.

Use of the Same Wood Blocks.

Instances of the same wood blocks being used over and over again, to represent different events, scenes and persons in the same volume, are so many in early printed books that it might be supposed that every one who felt interest in books knew of such. "Vitas Patrum," by Wynkyn de Worde, 1495, is a striking example, most, if not all, of the cuts being repeated many times, some of them six or eight, and they are about the most absurd and grotesque ever seen, although the book is so beautifully printed that there need be no hesitation in saying it has never been excelled, and rarely equaled, either by the "Kelmscott" or any other press, except perhaps by Whittingham, in his fine folio Victoria Prayer Book, which he printed for the elder Pickering.

An extremely fine copy of the "Vitas Patrum," measuring nearly 10½ inches by 8 inches, quite sound, and almost as clean as the day it left the printers, is one of the principal ornaments of my modest collection. It has the title, a leaf of table and last leaf of text in facsimile. Coverdale's, Cranmer's and other early Bibles have such repetitions, and Holinshed's "Chronicles" are full of them.

There was another way of handling woodcuts which has not been alluded to—viz, dividing blocks into two parts and mixing up the halves so as to form many varieties. Examples of these mixed blocks may be seen in the Strasburg "Horace" and "Terence" printed about 1490. In the beautiful edition of Tyndale's New Testament, printed by Jugge, 1552, are many of these divided and mixed blocks, which are shuffled about in the most ingenious manner. So many handbooks and "near cuts" to knowledge as we now have, it is a wonder these mixed or composite blocks have escaped notice.—Notes and Queries.

Methods of Old Cavalry.

A Frenchman, Francois de la Noue, in a book of military discourses, gave his verdict for the pistol. It is remarkable that this book, published in French in 1587, was translated into English in the very same year. But De la Noue, or, as he was called, Bras-de-Fer, from the iron contrivance which he wore in lieu of a lost arm, was no ordinary soldier. He had noted the steady deterioration of the French army during the civil wars and had come to the conclusion that no good work could be done with bad and ill disciplined men unless they were massed together in dense columns. In that formation they might stand. In the single line or haie of the old French chivalry they would only break and gallop away.

The change came, as De la Noue had foreseen that it must come, and it vitiated the action of cavalry for nearly a century. But it was not wrought without a struggle. Mendoza, a Spanish military writer whose book was translated by Sir Edward Hoby in 1597, implores his sovereign "by no manner of means to permit his horse to give up lances." Sir Roger Williams, trained in the school of Spain, waxes positively eloquent on the subject. "The charge of the lancers is terrible and resolute. • • • but sold-iers never will win find pistoliers charge or enter a squadron on the spurs like the lancers, but softly on a trot or soft pace." Italians and French also loathed the new order for cavalry, but they were obliged to submit to the fashion, and so in due time were the English, though of course they were behind the rest.—Macmillan's Magazine.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription $2.00
Six Months 1.00
Single Copies 05

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Co.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Mexico."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"The Globe Trotter."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Villon, the Vagabond."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—William H. Crane.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Frohman's Empire Theatre Co.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"The Cotton King."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—Tony Pastor.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE LONDON "TIMES" ON THE CONVENTION.

The Chicago convention of the supporters of the New Irish Movement is a coming event that has already cast its shadow before on both sides of the Atlantic. On this side every friend of Ireland's independence hails the approaching gathering with a spirit of hopeful pride. Every enemy of Irish liberty is opposed to the movement and has prejudged it. The call for the convention was cabled to Europe on Saturday, and, on Monday, Mr. Andrew Carnegie was heard from as set forth in the following cablegram to the daily press:

"LONDON, Sept. 2.—In a long letter from Andrew Carnegie, which is published in the *Times* today, Mr. Carnegie urges that the paper exert its influence to bring about a pacific solution of the Irish question. Such a course, Mr. Carnegie says, would probably command support in Canada, Australia, and all the large cities populated by our race abroad. Mr. Carnegie then says that the language of the call for a convention of Irish-Americans at Chicago shows the despair and disappointment of men who see in the advent of the Conservative party of Great Britain to power no hope of justice for Ireland. The letter then gives Mr. Carnegie's views in favor of home rule at considerable length, and concludes with saying, 'The question is not only a British one, but, unfortunately, an American one, as well, casting its baneful influence over our politics.'"

In reply to Mr. Carnegie's letter, the London *Times* published an editorial commenting on the more recent quarrels between leaders in the Irish parliamentary party and also the convention, in the course of which it said:

"American donations will be probably diminished, not on account of anything Mr. Healy has done or said, but because the American Irish do not take an interest in the dull and torpid home rule business. It is quite possible that they would allow their money to flow more freely for Healy than for the pledge-bound politician. The Chicago convention may not intrust its movement or its money to Mr. McCarthy. We doubt whether the convention will come to much. Much water has flowed under the bridge since the last Chicago convention, and Mr. Healy is not quite a Parnell. Besides, without cynicism, we may assume that the presidential election counts for something in calling the meeting. Still, the convention has a better chance than at any time within the last three years, and without equaling Parnell Mr. Healy is more than a match for the official anti-Parnellites. We are more than willing to respond to Mr. Carnegie's appeal to promote Ireland's true interests. Without claiming all the influence he generously ascribes to our advocacy, we may perhaps be permitted to believe that we have done and are doing something to convince the American people that there is no real analogy between local control of local affairs as they understand it and Mr. Gladstone's 'disruptive home rule.'"

The *Times* labors under a delusion if it supposes for a moment that the men called to meet in this city this month take any kind of interest in the Irish Parliamentary party as a fraction or a whole. That party has had its innings and was howled out of practical Anglo-Irish politics by its own treason to a great leader and subsequent factious misconduct. Irish-Americans are not such greenhorns as the *Times* apparently takes them to be. They are not going to subscribe money to be spent in London, for the benefit of the English landlords and shopkeepers and to perpetuate Irish quarrels. If they subscribe money at all it will be for some policy that may arrest the attention of England and attract the sympathy of civilized mankind, outside of England, to the most barefaced and atrocious usurpation of modern times—the forcible government of Ireland, in contempt of four fifths of her people, by a power that does not deny the right of self-government to the smallest and the humblest of its other English-speaking provinces, colonies or dependencies. The "Union" between Great Britain and Ireland is a union conceived in iniquity, born in fraud and perpetuated as an outrage on every inherent right of mankind. It must have an end, and how best to make an end of it will be the business before the Chicago convention.

The *Times* doubts very strongly, it appears, whether the convention will "come to much." It will be the duty of the Irish-American people, without distinction of creed, profession or calling, to disagreeably surprise the London *Times*—the would-be assassin of Parnell and the paymaster of the infamous spy and informer, LeCaron. We are astonished that Mr. Andrew Carnegie—a long-headed Scotchman with an American training—should have chosen for his organ so discredited and disreputable a sheet as the London *Times*—the traditional enemy of America and of Ireland, and of everything that appeals to the higher instincts of the human heart and mind. The *Times* knows full well that "local control of local affairs," which means county government at the most, will never satisfy a country and a race that have fought for and maintained, in one shape or another, the struggle for distinct nationality through weary generations. The English may as well make up their minds to this stubborn fact, that the Irish question will not down, so long as British rule lasts in Ireland. It will be stirred into life in every land where the surviving victims of English misrule and their children reside. It is, indeed, a "fire that seldom flags and never wholly fails." The embers are kept glowing by the untiring breath of liberty.

Mr. Carnegie's mention of politics, and the *Times*' sneer about the coming presidential election can deceive nobody who does not want to be deceived. A glance at the names signed to the call for the convention will dispose of that kind of nonsense. Republicans and Democrats, forgetting their American political differences, have united in that call, which is sufficient contradiction to the slanders of our enemies. We have again to repeat, for the benefit of British politicians particularly, that no Irishman is politically, socially or commercially benefitted in this country by advocating the independence of Ireland. English influence—the influence of a rich and successful robber—pervades the United States, which is much less independent of England in certain particulars, chiefly monetary and commercial, than some of her own colonies. In fact, England has a free leg here, and rules the roost, although, nominally, we have an independent form of government. And this is why no aggressive Irish Nationalist is popular in America, outside a certain circle of his own countrymen.

Meanwhile we urge upon all the true men of our race to study well the official call for the convention that appears in another column, and to send none but their ablest, wisest and bravest to that important gathering, which may be the inceptor of a glorious era in the struggle of Ireland for independence. Let the spirit of the race, purified as by fire, rise superior to doubts, jealousies, suspicions and heart burnings. Let it march with unflagging zeal toward the object it desires to attain, awed by no timid counsels, distracted by no factious slanderers, eager to strive and determined to achieve. The splendid ardor of the Irish race has accomplished great things in the past, and can accomplish still greater things in the future.

DEATH OF CAPT. WILLIAM CUSACK.

THE CITIZEN learns with deep regret of the death of that veteran Irish patriot and soldier, Capt. William Cusack of Philadelphia, who died rather suddenly in that city last week. The Captain was one of "the faithful and the few" who never flinched or faltered in the long, hard struggle for the liberty of Ireland. He was prominent in every Irish movement during the last forty years, and never tired of his connection with Irish societies whose object was the liberation of his native land. Mrs. Cusack has received telegrams and letters of sympathy from Irish Nationalists, clerical and lay, all over the United States.

Captain Cusack was born in the county Tipperary, Ireland, about sixty-five years ago, and came to this country when a youth, about 1852, when he settled in Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania. When the civil war began he was the proprietor of boats running on the Schuylkill canal. Then he was chosen first lieutenant of the Keystone Rifles, a volunteer organization of Port Carbon, in Schuylkill county, and served with it throughout the three months' service of 1861. This company was attached to the Ninth Regiment as Company K. Later he was largely instrumental in recruiting and organizing a company for the Ninety-sixth Regiment of the Pennsylvania Volunteers, in which he enrolled himself as a private on Nov. 7, 1861. He was detailed to the Signal Corps, which he joined on Jan. 15, 1862. He rejoined his regiment on Dec. 12, 1862, in front of Fredericksburg, Va., as second lieutenant of Company I, having been promoted for general good conduct, his commission bearing date Oct. 1, 1862. In all of Generals Burnside and Hooker's operations about Fredericksburg he took an active part, and was also at Gettysburg, Rapidan, Rappahannock Station, Locust Grove and the Robertson's River reconnoissance. He was with Gen. Grant during all of his campaigns up to the time the Sixth Corps left the front of Petersburg, Va, for the defense of Wasaington.

At the close of the war Capt. Cusack went to Ireland, where he remained a year. Returning to this country, he became proprietor of the U. S. Grant hotel, 2576 Callowhill street, Philadelphia. He disposed of his business there in 1876, and shortly afterward opened the hotel at Fortieth street and Girard avenue, which he was conducting at the time of his death. In 1877 he was chosen by the Irish societies to accompany to Ireland the remains of John O'Mahoney, who was chief of the Fenian order. As a Democrat, Capt. Cusack some years since was rather active in politics. In 1876 he was unanimously nominated for the state Senate by the Democrats of the Fourth District of Pennsylvania, his opponent being the Hon. Horatio Gates Jones. Capt. Cusack was defeated. For thirteen years Capt. Cusack was engaged in business with his brother-in-law, Jas. J. Ryan, general railroad contractor. He was one of the oldest members of the Sheares Club, an Irish organization, and of Branch 118 of the Catholic Knights of America, and the Speranza and Crescent Clubs. Capt. Cusack was married in Ireland about twelve years ago to Miss Nora M. Sheehy, of the county Tipperary, who survives him.

ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN AND FATHER BOWEN.

Seldom did the beautiful St. James' Catholic church, Wabash avenue and Twenty-ninth street, contain a finer congregation than that assembled there at 11 o'clock last Sunday morning to hear the Rev. Father Bowen, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. K. Bowen, celebrate his first holy mass. The young clergyman was assisted by the Rev. Fathers Gilday, O'Brien and Van Pelt, and the sermon was preached by the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, the eloquent metropolitan of San Francisco and formerly pastor of St. James' parish. The Archbishop's sermon was founded on a text from the epistles of St. Paul, and related to the dedication of the clergy to the service of God. Priests, the Archbishop said, were not elected but appointed, set apart, deputed to preach the Gospel to mankind. In their sphere, as preachers of the Gospel, they were sacred to the service of God. They did not preach their own doctrines but the doctrines of Jesus Christ, whose love and truth are eternal. When they remained in their sphere, no men were more honored than the priesthood. When they mingled in things not of heaven but of earth, they were, for the time, shorn of their power. In the accumulation of worldly riches, in politics, in all matters merely secular they were as other men. It was in their sacred capacity, as preachers of the truth of God, that they commanded the respect and the attention of mankind, and stood loftily apart from things that were earthly. No man was so happy as a good priest. At sixty he was still a boy, in spirit, in playfulness, in gentleness and simplicity. He was untouched and uncontaminated by things of this world. His wants were few, and these were supplied by the love and devotion of his people, who called him, in the most reverend sense, Father. Protestants did not, as a general thing, thoroughly understand the tenderness of the filial relation existing between a good priest and the people of his flock. He was with them always, their spiritual guide and faithful, untiring friend. He received the infant to be baptized into the light of Christianity; he formed the youthful mind with the truths of Catholic teaching; he saw the child receive its first holy communion and was present at the confirmation which made it a soldier of Christ. He pronounced the nuptial benediction, and when the hour of dissolution came, he was at the bedside, by the sufferer, to administer the last consoling sacraments of the church, as the tongue thickened and the eyes grew dim before they opened again on the life eternal. It was these relations, the most sacred, soothing and confidential, that endeared the priest to his congregation and established ties that only death can sunder.

The Archbishop lamented that many more of the Catholic youth of America did not take holy orders. The young priest, who was just entering on his active ministry, had been dedicated to the service of God by pious parents. He had known Father Bowen, when he held the pastorate of St. James', as a child and a boy, and now he hailed him as a man and a priest, whose life was to be occupied in teaching the divine truths found in the Catholic church. For the first time, said the Archbishop, he felt he was getting along in years when he looked around him and saw those who were merely children but a few years ago, grown to man's estate. It made him think of the days that were no more.

At this point Archbishop Riordan's voice trembled with emotion, and many in the congregation were deeply affected. He felt proud that, by a happy accident, he was enabled to be with them that day, and preach the sermon at Father Bowen's first mass. It was a glorious day for the good father and mother who had watched over the young priest's infancy, childhood and youth hood—it was a glorious day for them to see him entering on a career consecrated to God and to good works. The Archbishop concluded in eloquent and touching words. Before the last gospel, he gave the solemn benediction. At the close of the mass, he was called upon by a large number of his former parishioners, who also heartily congratulated Father Bowen and the members of his family.

CHICAGO'S OLD SOLDIERS.

Air: "The Shan Van Vocht."

Oh, did you hear the news
Says the Van Dhas Oge?*
Our soldiers they confuse
Says the Van Dhas Oge,
With a limit to their age
When in service they'd engage,
Oh, it puts me in a rage,
Says the Van Dhas Oge!

When Columbia made her call,
Says the Van Dhas Oge,
They feared not blade or ball,
Says the Van Dhas Oge;
Around her, like a wall,
They stood at duty's call
And swore she'd never fall,
Says the Van Dhas Oge!

Sure a man of forty-five,
Says the Van Dhas Oge,
Is very much alive,
Says the Van Dhas Oge;
He's not lost the vital spark;
He's as good as Johnny Clark,
Who is not a shining mark,
Says the Van Dhas Oge.

Oh, I think I hear 'em holler,
Says the Van Dhas Oge;
Red Hotz and Bobby Waller,
Says the Van Dhas Oge!
Did they dare the gory front
Of Chickamauga's brunt,
Where "Pap" Thomas spoiled the hunt?
Says the Van Dhas Oge!

"From Atlanta to the sea,"
Says the Van Dhas Oge;
"Our boys" fought for you and me,
Says the Van Dhas Oge;
They battled and they bled,
Where Grant and Sherman led,
While John Clark was snug in bed
Says the Van Dhas Oge!

Now they're seamed with honor's scars
Says the Van Dhas Oge;
Proud marks of freedom's wars,
Says the Van Dhas Oge;
I'll stand no Mugwump bars
'Gainst the saviors of our stars
On the glorious field of Mars,
Says the Van Dhas Oge!

* Allegorical for Chicago. "The Pretty Young Woman."

ABOUT "CATHOLIC ILLITERACY."

There is in this country a certain class of "Smart Alec" Yankees, or persons who look and talk like Yankees, who pretend to believe that European immigrants are ignorant, and add heavily to the illiterate percentage of the United States. According to this class of Yankee, the English language, spoken with a nasal twang, is the only learned form of expression. English spoken with any kind of civilized accent is called "a brogue." The test of American enlightenment is to call cow, keow; new, noo; opportunity, opportoonity, and so on. "The Irish" used to be a great target for Anglo-Yankee abuse in other days, on account of alleged ignorance. Now the other races of the world—Catholic nations particularly—are catching most of it. Repeatedly, in the public press of this country, astounding lies have been printed or spoken without calling for vigorous contradiction. That millions of Europeans are unlettered cannot be denied, but the same is true of millions of Americans. If the sun shines on a more ignorant, prejudiced, savage class of people than the natives of certain Southern and Western sections of this country, where the shotgun and the revolver, or bowie-knife, settles every difficulty, the great luminary must be exceedingly shocked. The American illiterate is merely a white, or black, savage, without sentiment, knowledge or common Christian decency. In view of all this we were pleased to notice the following in the San Francisco *Monitor* of the 31st ult.:

"'In France, Austria, Italy, Spain and Brazil 92 per cent of the population is (sic) Catholic and 60 per cent is (sic) illiterate. In Great Britain, Sweden, Germany and the United States there are 80 per cent Protestants and only 4 per cent is (sic) illiterate,' says the Rev. Mr. Taulbee whose sudden and unprovided departure from his own city caused the tongue of scandal to wag so vigorously. Of course these statistics are outrageously false. In the United States alone the percentage of illiterates in the total population 10 years of age and over is 13.3. In the most thoroughly Protestant portions of this country, namely the South Atlantic Division and the South Central Division the percentage of illiteracy is 30.9 and 29.7. Among the colored people who are mostly all Methodists and Baptists the percentage is 56.8. As to European countries we take the following figures from Mulhall's Dictionaries of Statistics. The average attendance of school children per 1,000 of the population is in Catholic France 170, in Protestant England 123. In Catholic Austria 130, in the United States 130.

"In Germany the population is mixed. There are 29,370,000 Protestants to 16,780,000 Catholics. Now in Bavaria which is 7-10 Catholic there are 212 children enrolled in school per 1,000 of the population. In Baden, which is two-thirds Catholic, 205; in Saxony, which is Protestant, 202; in Prussia, which is two-thirds Protestant, 196. In poor Ireland there are 147 enrolled out of the 1,000, but in Lutheran Denmark, only 110."

CITY CIVIL SERVICE.

By Chairman Clark (to candidate)—"Who killed Cock Robin?"

Candidate—"John P. Hopkins."

Mr. Clark—"Very good."

By Mr. Waller—"Who set fire to Rome while Nero practiced on the violin?"

Candidate—"John P. Hopkins."

Mr. Waller—"Not bad."

By Mr. Hotz—"Who was the greatest benefactor of mankind?"

Candidate—"Gambrinus."

Mr. Hotz—"That man deserves to be looked after. He's smart!"

By Mr. Clark—"Who is the greatest living reformer?"

Candidate—"Billy Kent."

Waller (sotto voce)—"Billy Kent be d—d!"

Hotz (sotto voce)—"Yes, Billy be d—d!"

Clark (frowning at candidate)—"No, try again."

Candidate—"Present company prevents me from saying what I think."

Clark (smiling)—"Well, we will pass that. At what age does a man, not in office, cease to be useful to the public?"

Candidate—"At forty-five."

Clark—"Quite so. After that age he isn't worth a — hem!"

Candidate—"Exactly."

Clark—"I think this man will do."

Hotz—"I think so, too."

Waller—"So mote it be."

THE government building is vindicated—even a boiler explosion failed to shake it down.

POOR John P. Hopkins! What new crime will able editors charge him with? He went to Europe to have his throat mended. The doctors said it couldn't be done unless he remained absolutely silent for six long weeks. "Gentlemen," said he, "I want you to understand I'm an American Democrat. Such protracted silence will surely kill me. It was never heard of before in the history of the party." The doctors were firm and John had to stand the torture. Since then able editors have accused him of divers crimes and misdemeanors. Now, one Howard, formerly lieutenant to Eugene Debs, comes out and says that Hopkins incited the great riot of July, 1894, in this city! Howard is the very reliable party who lost forty railroad passes, given him in a friendly spirit by officers of the divers roads, advertised for them and got them back. Notwithstanding the passes, he made savage war on the railroads, thus manifesting his gratitude. Is such a man worthy of credence? The next thing some able editor will charge John P. Hopkins with having set fire to Chicago in October, 1871, thus robbing Mrs. O'Leary's cow of her "glory."

HEROD CLARK—"Fee fau, fie, fum, I smell the blood of a soldier man. Alive or dead, off goes his head. If he's over forty-five he's not fit to be alive. Fee fau, fie, fum."

NELSE MORRIS—"Water, water everywhere, and not a cent to pay."

THE Hill Seminary, the gift of James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, to the Catholics of Minnesota, was dedicated at Groveland Park, St. Paul, on Wednesday, and was one of the most notable Catholic events ever witnessed in that state. The princely endowment is valued at $500,000.

BILLY MASON to Herod Clark—"Is it a crime for a man to be forty-five or over?"

Herod Clark—"Yes, unless he's on the Civil Service Board?"

Billy Mason—"Are not old soldiers entitled to some privileges?"

Mr. Waller, from Kentucky—"Oh, no; that would be class legislation."

MAYOR SWIFT'S Frankenstein—The city civil service commission.

THE St. Louis *Western Watchman* of the 31st ult. says: "Mr. J. B. Brophy, the well known Hibernian and Nationalist, was presented by his friends on Saturday night, Aug. 24, with a magnificent oil painting of himself. The presentation was made by Judge Morris. Mr. Brophy is an ardent Nationalist, and one of the most energetic workers for the cause of Hibernianism in the city, and richly deserves the gift bestowed. The painting is from the brush of J. L. Fitzgibbon, 606 Olive street."

A LETTER FROM JAIL.

John Daly Thanks the People of Limerick for Their Kindness.

The following letter was received on from John Daly, M.P. for Limerick, by Mr. D. Madigan, secretary of the Limerick Amnesty Association:

"JULY 29, 1895.—*Dear Sir:* Three telegrams were given to me on the 24th to read, all of which addressed me as M.P. for Limerick, and one told me that I was elected unopposed, as Mr. O'Keeffe had retired from the contest. Then that portion of the act of parliament relating to my being disqualified from sitting in the house of commons was read to me, but with that I have nothing whatever to say or do. That I am the elected representative of the undivided people of my native city is sufficient for me. I assure you, sir, I am quite unequal to controling the pleasure these telegrams brought to me; but I am powerless either to expoess or conceal it. Oh, my friend, the flesh is weak, and I am not strong; and if my heart had been sinking under the weight of eleven years of living death, it does so no longer. My soul has gone forth to that Providence who rules our lives in sincere thanksgiving for making me citizen to a people who, in the interest of justice, have the moral courage to raise the suffering felon high above the influence of crime and misery that surrounded him, saying "You are our representative."

"Yes, sir, I have ceased to be my weak human self. I am now strong in the strength of national pride—strong to suffer as Limerick's elected, strong in the faith that if I sink under my burden I will live in the hearts of the people. God knows how well aware I am that I have done nothing of myself worthy of this great act of generosity; consequently, the meaning of it is as clear to me as it is to the world at large. It is simply Limerick's verdict. And though I may not enter on the legal aspect of my present position, from an Irish point of view, still I may say that such a verdict from an undivided city will, I trust, have its due weight with the executive and particularly with my honorable colleagues of the house of commons. The very short time allowed for writing and my anxiety to acknowledge the receipt of Limerick's message to me, compels me to conclude. If it were in my power I would have acknowledged the telegrams individually.

"Miss Maud Gonne's name is in one. Her being in Limerick then adds so much to what I have already heard of her noble and generous efforts on behalf of the felons, that my thanks must remain unexpressed until I am free. To the high sheriff I am deeply grateful, whom I think I have the pleasure of knowing. The mayor of Limerick, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing, was most agreeably flattering to me, and the name of my dear old friend, Ald. Patrick Riordan, was quite what I expected. But the pleasure I felt at seeing James Egan's telegram was too much for words, and my friends, Solicitor Moran and Mr. Patrick O'Brien, will accept my deep gratitude for their kindness.

"I trust, sir, that you received my letter of the 16th, and I hope to hear from you soon, and believe me, as ever,

J. DALY.

"P.S.—On the night of the 12th July, I dreamt my ring had been given to me. Is not that strange? J. D."

SEVEN BRIDES OF HEAVEN.

On Tuesday, Aug. 27, Mount St. Clare, Clinton, Iowa, the mother house of the Franciscan Sisters, was the scene of a truly beautiful ceremony, namely the investing of seven young ladies in the holy habit. At 10 o'clock solemn high mass was celebrated, Very Rev. Dean McLaughlin of Clinton, celebrant; Rev. P. D. Gill, of Chicago, Ill., deacon; Rev. M. E. McAuliffe, of Clinton, sub-deacon, Rev. J. B. Albers, of Lyons, Ia., master of ceremonies. The Rev. M. R. Daly, of Quigley, Ia., was also in the sanctuary. Rev. M. I. Quirk, chaplain of the convent, preached a very pretty sermon on the blessings and advantages of the religious state. The new chapel was tastefully decorated, and the bridal robes of the aspirants, together with the many lights, music, etc., made it a scene not soon to be effaced from the memory of the many friends who witnessed it, as the ceremonies were very solemn and impressive. Those who received the habit were: Miss Elinore Genevieve Lynch, of Chicago, so well known in musical circles as a teacher and performer on stringed instruments, having taught for the last few years in Central Music Hall, to be known in religion as Sister Margaret Mary; Miss Catherine Didier, of Dayton, Ohio, Sister Mary Dominick; Miss Mary De Paris, of New Albany, Ind., Sister Mary Cleophas; Miss Kate Williams, of St. Johns, N.F., Sister Mary Angeline; Miss B. Malloy, of Washington, D.C., Sister Mary Lita; Miss Winnifred A. Hanify, of Tama, Ia., Sister Mary Clare; Miss Julia Blair, of Dubuque, Ia., Sister Mary Blanche.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Wisconsin Resorts.

Excursion tickets are now on sale by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Burlington, Elkhorn, Delavan, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Hartland, Nashotah, Kilbourn, Sparta, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, Tomahawk, Minocqua, Elkhart Lake, Ontonagon and all resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Michigan Peninsula, and the Northwest. Special low rates made on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week to Wisconsin resorts. For rates, time tables, and further information, apply at Ticket Office, 95 Adams street, or Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets.

OFFICIAL CALL

For the Convention of the New Irish Movement to be Held in Chicago Sept. 24, 25 and 26, 1895.

Signatures Attached to the Document.

HEADQUARTERS EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE NEW IRISH MOVEMENT, MCCOY'S HOTEL, CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 31, 1895.—*To the Irish-American Citizens of the United States—Friends and Brethren:* The Irish struggle for freedom has reached a momentous period. Ireland, abandoned in the crisis of her fate by the Liberal leaders, is told by the Tory secretary to the Lord Lieutenant that the British government is sternly and unalterably opposed to the granting of any measure of home rule whatever. This is the old policy and the old language employed by successive English governments toward Ireland. She has been alternately betrayed by the Whigs and dragooned by the Tories. Nothing worth her acceptance is to be expected from either of the leading English parties.

Ireland must, therefore, look to her own children and their descendants for support in her great extremity. Parliamentary agitation has had a long and patient trial, but has utterly failed to accomplish its object. It remains for us to consider what other method of procedure or argument can be used to achieve her liberation. The Irish race in America cannot afford to be neutral, or supine, while the motherland is being slowly but surely done to death by the usurping enactments of a foreign and hostile power. In unison with thousands of our race distributed throughout the Union, and after mature deliberation, we, the undersigned, have decided to call a convention of Irish Americans in the city of Chicago to take into consideration the present status of the Irish struggle for freedom, and to devise ways and means best suited to the accomplishment of Ireland's independence.

Now, therefore, said convention is called to meet in the city of Chicago, Ill., at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24, 25 and 26, 1895, the first session thereof to open at 10 o'clock in the morning of Sept. 24.

The qualifications for membership in the convention are agreed upon as follows: All Irish-American military, benevolent, athletic, social, religious and literary organizations that favor the independence of Ireland, and are willing to aid her righteous struggle for liberty, are invited to send delegates to the convention of the New Irish Movement, apportioned in the following manner: One delegate for every fifty members, and one additional for any fraction over fifty; two delegates for every hundred members, and one additional for any fraction over one hundred, and so in proportion.

Individual Irish-Americans, of sound patriotic repute, who indorse the object of the New Movement, and who are willing to give it their aid, will be, on recommendation of the secretary and the indorsement of the committee on credentials, admitted to the privileges of the floor.

All societies eligible under this call are requested to elect their delegates immediately.

Signed, on behalf of our associates in the movement.

John F. Finerty, Acting President, Chicago, Ill.

John P. Sutton, Acting Secretary, 51 West Thirteenth street, New York.

William Lyman, Acting Treasurer, New York City.

John J. O'Connell, Chairman Executive Committee, Chicago, Ill.

John T. Keating, Secretary Executive Committee, M'Coy's Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

John J. Mahony, Lawrence Henely, Francis Agnew, P. V. Fitzpatrick, W. H. Joyce, L. R. Buckley, James C. Strain, William McCoy, Martin Mulcahy, J. J. Gubbins, Chicago, Ill.

M. D. Gallagher, M. J. Langan, John D. Carroll, New York.

Maurice F. Wilhere, Patrick O'Neill, Philadelphia, Pa.

O'Neill Ryan, Andrew Hoolan, J. J. O'Connor, St. Louis, Mo.

M. Cooney, M. C. O'Toole, San Francisco, Cal.

John Fitzpatrick, T. Moroney, New Orleans, La.

William J. Gleason, Patrick Smith, Cleveland, O.

James Killelea, M. Martin, Nashville, Tenn.

C. T. Driscoll, David Callaghan, New Haven, Conn.

Patrick T. Moran, Washington, D.C.

T. A. E. Weadock, M. J. Murphy, Bay City, Mich.

O'Brien J. Atkinson, Fort Gratiot, Mich.

Thomas Greevy, John O'Toole, S. M. Hoyar, Altoona, Pa.

Christopher A. Gallagher, Minneapolis, Minn.

Maurice Donnelly, Indianapolis, Ind.

Thomas J. Dundon, Columbus, O.

John H. Vaughan, West Superior, Wis.

John Guthrie, Wilmington, Del.

Michael Mangan, Fond du Lac, Wis.

John M. Leonard, Fall River, Mass.

P. J. Judge, Holyoke, Mass.

James Ryan, Bernard Curtin, Lynn Mass.

Daniel McGlynn, Thomas Hanifan, East St. Louis, Ill.

Michael F. Lyons, John Murray, Michael J. Bruin, John J. O'Brien, Lowell, Mass.

T. A. McCarthy, W. T. Fitzgerald, Nashua, N.H.

John M. McMahon, John Groves, P. C. Healy, Omaha, Neb.

John Fitzgerald, John Downs, Thomas Bulger, Peoria, Ill.

William A. Ryan, John R. Collins, T. H. O'Neill, Boston, Mass.

John W. Whalen, John Taafe, W. J. Hanley, Con. Moloney, D. D. O'Gorman, St. Louis, Mo.

J. P. Sweeney, W. K. Fitzgerald, Seattle, Wash.

Hugh McGraw, John McNally, Myles Byrne, Fall River, Mass.

W. M. Kelly, Hugh Daly, Garret Kirby, Dennis Shea, James Barry, Anaconda, Mont.

Daniel Fallon, John J. Gardner, Elizabeth, N.J.

Daniel Hannon, Patrick Hyland, Daniel Egan, South Omaha, Neb.

William Fitzgerald, R. D. Lee, John Walsh, Memphis, Tenn.

M. E. Sullivan, James Cassidy, James Hennessy, Danbury, Conn.

John J. Sullivan, P. T. Crowley, Jeremiah Hays, Fitchburg, Mass.

Dennis Sweeney, Joseph Cunningham, D. F. Maguire, Essex County, Mass.

William Whelan, M. B. Roseman, John Jones, Colorado Springs, Colo.

A. J. Long, M. J. Carroll, John M. Daly, Bibb County, Ga.

And many others.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

A CAVALIER ON TOWER HILL.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

On the hill—by the Tower, the dungeon, the rack—
On the blood-begrimed scaffold—a block draped in black—
A sable-masked headsman—the death ax all bare—
With a renegade* chaplain to mumble a prayer—
Sawdust strewn like fresh sand at the mouth of the Thames—
Stood a cavalier noble who fought for King James.

Proud, cheerful and dauntless the cavalier stood,
Looking down on the crowd that was thirsting for blood—
A sneer on his lip, a bright smile in his eye—
With a glance of defiance, he feared not to die:—
Then he spoke—and his voice had a musical ring:—
"Confound the usurper! long life to the king!

"True men of the empire who stand by their liege
On the throne or in exile, in battle or seige,
Ever loyal and faithful in every degree
To fight for the crown though it hangs on a tree,
To our monarch in exile we faithfully cling
And like cavalier soldiers can die for the king.

"We pledge to our monarch our castles and glades,
Our fealty, our honor, our hearts and our blades,
Our lands, lives and fortunes we give to the throne
To restore our prince exiled again to his own,
And across the blue waters our monarch to bring
To confound the usurper; long life to the King!

"While there's light in the heavens or graves upon earth
We'll fight for our own king by right and by birth,
While there's truth upon earth or a star in the sky
Who fears for his king and his country to die?
We stand ever ready the gauntlet to fling
'Gainst the traitors who thirst for the blood of the King!

"Unfurl His broad standard and let it float free
For our monarch *de jure* across the blue sea,
The true cavalier's flag;" then a loud murmur ran
Through the crowd at the wonderful nerve of the man;
Then he said to the chaplain, "A psalm please to sing
'Gainst usurpers and traitors. God save the King!"

Then he whispered, "Now headsman be swift with with your stroke—
'Twill relieve one true heart from the base tyrant's yoke—
Add one cavalier more to the ranks of the dead
That for honor and right, truth and justice have bled;"
Then he knelt at the block, laid his loyal head down,
Proud to die for the country, King James and his crown.

*The cavaliers who contended for the right of the Stuart Kings, always denounced the clergymen of the Church of England, who took the oath of allegiance to any of the usurping sovereigns as "renegades," always refused their ministrations, frequently reproved them for their disloyalty; and in some instances rebuked them on the scaffold.

Did You Ever think that you cannot have good health without pure blood? Health comes by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it makes the blood pure.

Hood's Pills have won high praise for their prompt and efficient yet easy action.

REMEMBER LIMERICK!

The 205th Anniversary of the Triumphant Defense of the City on the Shannon.

Story of the Siege—King William's Grand Army Whipped by Sarsfield's Brave Boys—Women Defeat the Grenadiers.

In the bloody harvest of 1690 a group of officers—French in their white uniforms, Irish in scarlet—made a survey of the defenses of the old city of Limerick on the Shannon, the "English town" and the "Irish town," each surrounded by its walls and both connected by Ball's bridge, which spanned the Abbey river, flowing between. King William's army, exultant and confident after its success at the Boyne, was on its march to attack the city. The object of the survey was to ascertain if the city was in condition to stand a siege.

Gen. Lauzun, the French commander-in-chief, shook his head, and indulged in his usual pompous cynicism.

"No need to bring cannon against these walls," he said. "They could be taken with roasted apples."

Soon afterward he marched out of the city with his troops, and took the road to Galway, taking with him a large quantity of ammunition.

But Gen. Boisseleau, King James' governor of Limerick, the duke of Berwick, and, above all, Gen. Patrick Sarsfield, held an opinion different to that of the skeptical Lauzun; they considered the place capable of making a respectable resistance; more, they determined to make one. So the walls were manned and cannon planted, some of the guns being hauled up to the roofs of the cathedral and the tower of the Augustinian abbey for the purpose of taking "long shots."

On the night of the 8th of August the anxious inhabitants of Limerick perceived a glow in the sky to the northwest, and knew that it was made by the campfires of King William, who had pitched his tents at the place still called for him Caher-na-righ, the King's Fort Next day his army came streaming toward Limerick, a long column of red, blue and yellow—English, Prussians Dutch, Scandinavians, Swiss, Huguenot-French, Scotch, English-Irish and Scotch-Irish—one would think that all the nationalities of Europe had united for the conquest of the old city by the Shannon.

Bang went the guns from wall and roof as the besieging columns drew near the city. A twenty-four-pound ball fired by a gunner named Bourke, who worked a cannon on the roof of the cathedral, grazed a gap through which a mounted officer was about to pass, narrowly missing him. Had it hit him, that ball would have changed the result of the war and the destinies of Ireland, for the officer was King William.

Soon an English envoy advanced under protection of a white flag, a trumpet was blown, the firing ceased, the city was summoned to surrender.

"As King James has entrusted me with this garrison," answered Gov. Boisseleau, courteously and firmly, "I will commend myself to the Prince of Orange by a vigorous defense."

So the firing recommenced. The besiegers hastened to construct batteries, and next morning, that of the Sabbath, the sound of the St. Mary's bell of romantic history was drowned by the roar of artillery, as shells and redhot balls came plunging into the city, spreading death and destruction. In return the Irish guns, especially those of two batteries which had been hastily thrown up near the south and east gates, replied with such vigor that William had to remove his tent to a further distance from the walls.

Everything seemed to augur a speedy surrender of the city. A great siege train of heavy guns was near at hand; very soon its tremendous balls would be shattering the walls of Limerick, sending towers and curtains crashing upon their defenders and making vast breaches through which the besiegers might swarm into the city. But one night came a dull roar in the distance, a glare of light in the sky, a shaking of the earth as if from an earthquake shock. It was all up with the siege train! Sarsfield and a party of Irish cavalry had issued secretly from Limerick, forded the Shannon near Killaloe, burst like a whirlwind at dead of night upon the artillery encampment, cut to pieces the Second Dragoon guards that formed the escort, stuffed the big guns with powder, buried their muzzles in the earth, laid a train and touched it off:

O'Hogan the quick fuse he lighted;
It whizzed, then a flash and a glare
Of broad, blending brightness infernal
Burst out on the calm midnight air;
A fierce sound of thunder volcanic
Rose up to the bright stars on high,
And splinters of cannon and baggage
Showered flaming around through the sky!
The firm earth it rocked and it trembled,
The camp showed its red pools of gore,
And old Ballyneety's gray castle
Fell down with a crash and a roar.
The fierce sound o'er highland and lowland
Marched on like the dread earthquake's tramp,
And it wakened Dutch Bill from his slumbers
And gay dreams that night in his camp.

But more heavy guns came, and their ponderous missiles sent mortar, stones and slates flying in Limerick. The Irish made a midnight sortie on the 18th and threw their enemies into such confusion that when the sortie party retired the English and Danes blazed away at each other in the darkness of night for two whole hours, cutting themselves down in gallant style.

Two days later King William ordered an attack on the fort near St. John's gate. It was made by the Eighteenth Royal Irish, fiery Orangemen, and the fort was taken, "but not," says a writer on the Orange side, "till nearly the whole of its defenders had ceased to breathe." That same night the garrison made another sally, but the traitor Luttrell commanded them, and they were repulsed by the Oxford Blues, the Sixth and Seventh Dragoon guards and Schomberg's horse.

The memory of Wednesday, Aug. 27, (Sept. 8), 1690, with its horrors, its valor, its unparalleled devotion and patriotism, is a great and glorious one for Ireland. Between the Black battery and St. John's gate—the points against which the English attack was made most furiously—the constant cannonade had made in the wall a breach twelve yards wide. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at a signal of three guns from Ireton's fort, nine companies of the British grenadiers bounded from the trenches, and with a great English hurrah, charged at double-quick for the breach. The city's hour of doom seemed to have come.

But behind that breach Sarsfield had hastily thrown up a rude barricade of wool sacks, stones and timber, over which frowned the muzzles of guns loaded with grape. Masses of Irish troops were posted around ready for action. A crowd of "civilians" were there, too, men and women, with stones, bottles and other missiles in their hands, all breathlessly awaiting the attack, determined that what seemed to be the last chapter of the siege would witness its bitterest and bloodiest fight. Naught broke the afternoon's silence save that hearty British cheer ringing up from the big, red-coated grenadiers as they came on with gleaming steel and smoking hand-grenades.

Suddenly the cannon behind that rude battery belched forth, there came a roll of musketry from the walls. Grenadiers went down by scores, strewing the breach with their dead and wounded, but the majority came on with a rush, only to be taken in hand by the Irish division under the Scotch general, Wauchop, who made short work of them, and only a few of the assailants fled back across the now blood-slippery road they had come.

Then came a second attack, heralded by a shower of deadly hand-grenades, or small bombs, such as modern anarchists favor, which burst with fatal effect among the Irish; but again the attacking column melted and fled before the withering grape poured into them by the active Irish cannoneers.

Fresh English troops were moved toward the breach, bugles blew, and officers shouted their commands. The most desperate and formidable attack of the day was made. On they came, with determination in every face, the First Royals, the Second and Third Foot guards, the Eighteenth Royal Irish, with the regiments of Lords Lisburn, Boyne and Drogheda; of Bolecastle, Stuart, Cambon and Mitchelburne, with the Eleventh Grenadiers and the Danish guards. Grape and musketry failed to arrest the rush of that strong array, men in red and blue uniforms shrieked and fell, but the line of steel swept up to and through the breach, surged over the masked battery and captured it; the Brandenburgh regiment scaled and seized the famous Black battery. All seemed lost.

But now, at command of Sarsfield, whose gallant sword seemed flashing everywhere at once, a battalion of Irish run out and line the breach, and not only repel the English reserves who are advancing to the aid of their fellows who have entered, but turn about and attack the latter in the rear. A fearful struggle ensues. The streets run red with gore. At one point the women rush upon the bristling bayonets and fight like demons. Some of them are slain, but many a stout soldier goes down with a gashed head beneath the shower of stones and bottles. There is a dreadful flash and roar.

The stones of the Black battery go whizzing in the air, and with them the bodies of the gallant Germans who had captured it. The assailants—such of them as survive—turn and run for the breach, falling at every step. A stormy Irish cheer peals out, the shrill yell of the victorious women cutting through it like a cry of triumphant vengeance. King William hears it as he is cursing his luck over there on Ireton's fort, mingling with "expressions of disappointment the most unqualified admiration of his gallant enemy." That attack cost the English 1,700 men, killed and wounded.

Three days later the English raise the siege, dismantle their batteries, and march away toward Clonmel. King William goes to Waterford and takes shipping for England. He has had his fill of Irish warfare.

Such is the story of the first siege of Limerick, and none of greater valor, heroism or patriotism is recorded in the history of any nation. No wonder the Irish look with special affection and interest upon that old city by the Shannon.

In the following year Limerick was subjected to a similar fearful ordeal. For over three weeks a shower of cannon balls and bombshells descended upon the devoted town from the artillery of Gen. Ginckle, who now commanded the besieging army. After a brave and prolonged resistance the garrison, unequal to the enemy in artillery and general resources, surrendered, but first they exacted such terms as must make their countrymen and all lovers of civil and religious liberty ever remember the brave, self-sacrificing fellows with honor and esteem.

As the white flag of capitulation drooped from the battlements of Limerick the treaty of surrender was signed in view of both armies by a party of the officers of each—Sarsfield and his comrades in their well-worn and powder-blackened uniforms, their late opponents gleaming in rich scarlet and gold lace. The treaty of Limerick guaranteed full forgiveness to all who had borne arms against King William; it provided that Irish Catholics should be left in undisturbed possession of their estates and be free to worship God in their own way. A stone in a field outside the city served as a writing desk. This, the famous treaty stone, is now poised aloft on a pedestal placed there by Limerick patriotism in order to preserve it from the chipping of relic-hunters. There is no prouder monument in Ireland than that stone and no more powerful preacher of the grand old Irish idea. As to the treaty itself, in a few years it was most shamefully and perfidiously broken, not by the gallant Williamite officers who signed it, but by the cowardly and merciless bigots they represented.

On the 4th of September, 1691, the articles of surrender having been signed, Gen. Talmash marched into the Irish town with five regiments, and King William's flag was raised on the ramparts. Two days later the Irish garrison marched out of the English town with the honors of war, drums beating colors flying, "bullet in mouth and match lighted," according to the military etiquet of the time. The whole Irish army, 14,000 strong, arrayed for inspection at Thomond gate. Brave, hardy, scarred veterans, poorly armed and worse clothed, they represented the last hope of Ireland. Gallant young men of good family were there, scions both of the old Milesian and of the Norman stock, whose homes would know them no more. They elected to cross the sea with the gallant Sarsfield and seek death or fame in the French service. Better be soldiers and gentlemen abroad than slaves at home under the heel of the boorish ascendency. In vain the English officers, with the offer of reward, tried to shake their resolution. A small number weakened and went over and were liberally supplied by the English with beef, beer and tobacco; but this had no effect on their late comrades. When the voice of Sarsfield was heard for the last time at Limerick, giving the mournful command to march, and life and drum struck up the Jacobite "White Cockade," the brave fellows stepped out as blithely as if they had no thoughts of exile and probable death on a foreign battlefield, as regiment after regiment wheeled south toward Cork. A multitude of the soldiers' wives marched with the army, and many of these were left behind on account of insufficient shipping accommodation, and others were drowned in their frantic attempts to get on board when the fearful farewell scene occurred at the Cove of Cork and the "women's parting cry" rose up—the wail of Ireland over her lost children.

Thrilling and touching are the memories that halo that old City of the Violated Treaty, making it the Mecca of Irish national poets, many of whom have bestowed upon it tributes of tenderest poetry, among them the late John Francis O'Donnell, himself a Limerick man:

How thick with life the Irish town,
Dear gray old battered portress!
That laid all save her honor down
To save the fire-ringed fortress.
Here Sarsfield stood, here lowered the flag
That symbolized a people,
A riddled rag, a bloody rag.
Plucked from St. Mary's steeple.
Thick are the walls the women lined
With courage worthy Roman,
When, armed with hate sublime, if blind,
They scourged the headlong foemen,
This is the town beside the flood,
That round its ramparts flashes,
Where Freedom's seed was sown in blood,
To ripen it into ashes.

P. G. SMYTH.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Harvest Excursions

will be run by the Burlington Route on Sept. 10 and Sept. 24, from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis and other points on the line to the farming regions of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Very low round trip rates will be in effect. For folder giving details, or for land pamphlets, apply to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent C. B. & Q. R.R., Chicago.

NOTICE.

A meeting of the stockholders of the United States Chemical Power Company of Chicago will be held at Room 42, Metropolitan Block, Chicago, at 5 o'clock p. m., on September the 26th 1895, to consider the increase of the number of Directors, the decrease of the amount of capital stock, and such other business as may properly arise. By order of the Directors.

RICARD O'S. BURKE, Secretary.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Raolroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street. Telephone Main 174.

GAELIC PROSE.

Toruigheacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus e chapaill in so.

(AIR LEANAMHAIT.)

Tri lá agus teora oidheche do mhac Ui Dhuibhne san g-cathraigh agus an fiadh is fearr d'á bhfuair ariamh ag á thabhairt dó. Fiafraigheas mac Ui Dhuibhne i g-cionn na h-aimsire sin cia h-é an chathair no cia an cenrioch i n-a raibh no cia ba cheann uirri. Adubhairt an gruagach gurab i sin Tir-fá-thuinn, agus gurab é ri Thire-fá-thuinn an fear sin do bhi ag comhrac leis, agus gurab é Gruagach na Tiobraide be fhoraimi gaisceidh dho, agus gurab namhad agus easgcarad láimha durge dhó fein é. Innsios do mhac Ui Dhuibhne mar an g-céadna gurab é fein gruagach an ghaisceidh, agus go raibh bliadhain ar thuilleamh agus ar thuarastal Fhinn mhic Chumaill i n-Eirinn agus nár chuir thairis bliadhain ba h-aite leis ná i. Fiafraighios gruagach an ghaisceidh sgeula do mhac Ui Dhuibhne, cread an siubhal no an t-imtheacht do bhi roimhe. Innsios mac Ui Dhuibhne sgeula Fhinn agus an Ghilla Dheacair ó thús go deireadh dho.

[LE SMEITH LEANTA.]

G. A. R. Encampment.

Are you going to Louisville to attend the 29th Annual Encampment of the G. A. R., Sept. 11 to 14? The Monon Route is the national official route, Chicago to Louisville, and the battlefield line from Louisville to the South. Special accommodations will be provided for all those who attend. In addition to the two regular trains daily (morning and evening), special trains will be run at such hours as will best accommodate the veterans, and special cars will be furnished Posts of twenty-five or more members if so desired. Also special sleeping cars can be arranged for. The fare from Chicago to Louisville will be $6.00 for the round trip, and from Louisville to Chattanooga $6.35 for the round trip. Tickets will be limited a sufficient length of time to enable members of the G. A. R. to visit Chickamauga battlefield. The National Park at that place will be dedicated with imposing ceremonies after the encampment at Louisville. For rates, special trains, special coaches, sleeping cars and further information address Sidney B. Jones, City Passenger Agent, 232 Clark street, Chicago, L. E. Sessions, Traveling Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn., or Frank J. Reed, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

BARGAINS IN

DIAMONDS

AT

KASPER & BARNES,

McVICKER'S THEATRE BUILDING.

OPEN EVENINGS.

JAMES MAHER,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.

79 Clark Street,

ROOM 14. CHICAGO

J. M. CRENNAN & CO.,

Wholesale Cigars.

Sole Proprietors of

LA CARINA,

Sheridan Club and Columbus Club Cigars.

122 & 124 WABASH AVENUE,

CHICAGO.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Circuit Court. The People of the State of Illinois ex rel David Gore vs. Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors of the Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company that the undersigned was, on the 2nd day of January, 1895, duly appointed Receiver of said Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Compauy; and that all persons holding any claim or claims against said Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company are hereby notified to present the same under oath or affirmation within ninety days from this date, whether said claims are due or not.

R. D. WALSH,
Receiver of the Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company, Rooms 700-701, 112 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Dated this 31st day of July, A. D. 1895.

Johnson & McDannold,
1213 Ashland Block, Attorneys.

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 1004 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF ROSANNA McNAMARA, DECEASED. All persons having claims against the estate of Rosanna McNamara, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1895, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, Aug. 21, 1895.

ELLEN ROSANNA MURRAY,
Administratrix.

HOW TO TRAVEL FREE

IT IS EASY, SAYS A GLOBE TROTTER WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

His Account of a 50,000 Mile Journey Without Money, Passes or Influence. Riding on Brake Beams and the Tops of Coaches. How He Worked It.

The "night shift" was waiting to relieve the "day gang," and as these veteran railroaders loitered about the Lake Shore yard office at Forty-third street they fell a telling stories.

They drifted around to the subject of "dead heading" and some one spoke of the habit foreign noblemen have of starting penniless to encircle the globe. One after another gave his opinion of the practice. At last an old "switchie" took his turn. He said:

"If I had some one to back me and there was anything in it, I believe I could make a trip of 100,000 miles, never miss a meal or handle a cent of money, complete the distance inside of a year and get back with clothes as good as, if not better, than I have now, and I wouldn't work a day."

This brought up a lot of argument, but the man continued:

"How much worse would that be than the trip my partner and myself have just made? A year ago last May the coal strike down in West Virginia put us on 'the hog train,' and since then I can prove that we have traveled a distance that altogether would make over two trips around the world. Of course most of the trip has been on land and over railroads, but we have found water just as easy when we wanted to travel that way.

"We started for China to go railroading out there, and got as far as Liverpool on the trip when Jack backed out and we 'stowed away' and came back. On the trip over a captain on one of the cattleboats carried us on a card, but the man coming back didn't recognize letters and we had to 'make a sneak.' When we landed, we hadn't a cent, but that cut little figure. We had to have work, and we had to go to some place where business was good, so we made a start. We got out of New York over the New York Central to Buffalo and the Lake Shore from there to Chicago. The big strike had just started when we got here, and as we didn't want any 'scab' job we didn't stay here long. We went south to New Orleans, and from there to the Pacific coast over the Southern Pacific and came back east over the Santa Fe.

"The Santa Fe was the only tough streak we struck. Why, the men out there have got the 'marble heart' in its worst form. They won't carry you in a caboose or on a passenger train without a pass, and that the officials won't give you, so you have to watch your chance and 'ride the rods.' I am not much stuck on riding underneath a train. It's liable to induce nervous prostration, but if it has to be done to get over a road I can do it.

"On the new big box cars the truss rods hang a foot and a half below the body of the car and it's an easy matter to grab the slide iron of the door and swing yourself under. If you can't fix yourself comfortably on the rods, why, you can work along toward the end of the car and lower yourself down to the brake beam."

"How do you get on top of a passenger train?" he was asked.

"That's easy enough. Just watch your chance and when the train is about ready to leave pick two cars—the baggage cars are the best, because no one is watching them generally—stand up on the brake wheel and you can reach the top of the cars. If you have strength enough it is an easy matter to swing yourself up, and, once up there, you can, if you keep quiet, ride till daylight. You have to lie down flat to hang on, but that is not bad, because if you sat up or stood up the cinders from the engine would cut your face and hands to pieces. They come back across the top of the cars like birdshot out of a gun, and with almost as much force.

"If you have nerve enough you can stow yourself away on the truck of a passenger car so no one can see you. I have done it, and rode over 200 miles before I was caught. For that job you want a little board about six inches wide and a foot long, with two cleats in the middle on one side. Then find your four wheel truck—a six wheeler won't do because you can't get inside—get on the side of the track opposite the depot, and as she starts to pull out grab a truss rod with one hand and a corner of the truck with the other and slide in on the brake beam feet first.

"Bolted to the middle of the brake beam and reaching from front to rear is the brake rod. Put your 'ticket' (the little board) on the brake rod, the cleats will hold it in place, put your feet on the back brake beam and your back against the center beam of the truck, and you can ride almost as comfortably as you could 'up stairs' in a seat. You are in behind the wheels, and it will take a pretty sharp eye to find you if you keep quiet. Oh, I tell you a man can do a heap of traveling on nothing if he is a hustler.

"Since we started my partner and I have been in every state and territory of the United States, and I figured it up last night, and we have traveled over 50,000 miles, and if there has been any one time that we have had over a dollar I don't recollect it."

"How did you get food on that kind of a trip?" asked a listener.

"Sometimes the boys were good and would 'throw a meal into you,' but if they didn't, why there was nothing else to do only to 'hit a back door' and try to 'batter out' a 'jump.' It sounds tough, but I've had it to do several times in the last year. I tell you when I get to work steady I'm going to sink my dough, and when I get enough I'll go to some new country and get me a piece of land. Railroading is getting to be too much of a 'hot foot' job for me."
—Chicago Record.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

To Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs, Offered by

"THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and back.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer, John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary," bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

To any Subscriber, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc., made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, illustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

To any Subscriber who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.00 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each. Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-Office Order, Express Order, or Registered Mail. Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested. Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

HE WAS A BAD SHOT.

Yet Every Time He Fired the Bullseye Gong Rang.

A good story on the late General Dan McCauley of Indiana is related by Judge John N. Scott, now of Port Townshend, Wash.

On Judge Scott's last visit to Washington he, with his old college chum, General Joe Fullerton, and General McCauley, went on a trip up the river to one of the clubhouses.

The two former gentlemen wanted to indulge in some target practice. General McCauley protested vigorously.

Being pressed for his reason, he said the fact was he was such a bad shot he had made up his mind to quit it last time he tried it. He had never hit the bullseye in his life, he confided to them, and he was a little ashamed of it.

After some little trouble they convinced him that they were both worse shots than he, and they'd shoot for "place."

First the judge shot and made a fair showing, and then General Fullerton, making a better, and last General McCauley, who hit the bullseye.

No one was more astonished than the general himself. He began to be interested. They took another turn. Again he hit the bullseye, and yet again and again, and the ringing of the gong was music in his ear.

The others declared they'd shoot no more with him and threatened dire revenge for his deception

In vain he assured them that it was the first time in his life he had hit the bullseye. He treated liberally, and they all enjoyed the jaunt, particularly the boy who tended the target, who was several dollars wealthier for their visit. They came back to town, dined at General McCauley's expense, and he declared he had made the hit of his life.

"Dan never suspected us," laughed the judge, "of having bribed that target boy to ring the gong every time he shot. And he couldn't see the trick in it because his bullets never even touched the target, not one!"—Washington Star.

Mountaineering Memories.

I had not long left a public school and was unconscious of the possession of nerves. Given sufficient hold for hand and foot, I never felt any more inclination to fall in a place where a fall would carry me a couple of thousand feet to the bottom of a precipice than where it would only involve a tumble of a yard into soft snow. But to poise oneself in going down a series of steps that are merely tiny chips in hard ice, tilted up at an angle greater than of an average roof—this sort of work demands some skill, which does not come by nature, but has to be acquired by experience. The only safe way, when a novice is of the party, is not to allow him to move, unless the man to whom he is roped is firmly anchored, and this course was repeatedly adopted on our descent.

It was, however, when we had reached the ice fall of the glacier that the incident occurred of which I have the most vivid recollection. The snow bridges over the crevasses had easily borne our weight in the early morning, when the frost still held them in its grip, but by the time we returned the sun had produced its effect, and I was not the only one of our party who went through in the fashion already described. Of course, the rope furnishes an absolute security, provided that the rest of the party are on what Mrs. Malaprop would call terra cotta, but I repeat that it is at first startling to find oneself swinging in vacancy over an apparently bottomless abyss.

In a good many years of mountaineering I have encountered certain real dangers, but none, I think, which has impressed me so strongly as the imaginary peril of that sudden descent below the surface of the Aletsch glacier some 30 years ago.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Preparing a Prescription.

"I noticed," said the druggist to his assistant, "that a gentleman came in with a prescription and that you took it and gave him the stuff in about three minutes. What do you mean by that?"

"It was only a little carbolic acid and water," replied the assistant. "I simply had to pour a few drams of acid into the bottle and fill it up with water."

"Never mind if you had only to do that," the druggist declared. "Don't you know that every prescription must take at least half an hour to dispense, or the customer will think he isn't getting anything for his money?

"When a prescription for salt and water or peppermint and cough sirup is handed to you, you must look at it doubtfully, as if it were very hard to make up. Then you must bring it to me, and we will both read it and shake our heads. After that you go back to the customer and ask him if he wants it today. When he says he does, you answer that you'll make a special effort.

"Now, a patient appreciates a prescription that there has been so much trouble over, and when he takes it he derives some benefit from it. But don't you do any more of that three minute prescription business, my boy, if you want to become a first class druggist."
—Liverpool Mercury.

Mr. English's History of Indiana.

William H. English of Indiana is 73 years old, as the phrase goes, but it does not follow that he is an old man. He is young enough to be industriously and intelligently at work on a history of Indiana, sparing no expense or research to obtain information and verifications. He is very liberal in the purchase of historical documents, and from the items we have seen in print about the work the book, when it is issued, ought to be the most valuable extant. A very first class and comprehensive history of the great state of Indiana, written as a labor of love, will be a monument to the author greater than marble or bronze or a career in public office. Mr. English has not been conspicuous in politics, though always in line as a Democrat, since he ran for vice president on the ticket with Hancock in 1880.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BONAPARTE'S OPPORTUNITY.

How He Took Advantage of the Overthrow of the Constitution.

All night long, from the 16 to 17 Brumaire, a committee of the Ancients was in session, minutely perfecting their plans. Next morning at 7 the faithful majority, having been summoned according to form, convened as the council, for the doubtful members had either not been summoned at all or had received notice of a later hour. As soon as a quorum was present, Cornet, a well known butt for the wits, rose and denounced the terrible conspiracy which was menacing them. Regnier then moved that, according to articles 102, 103 and 104 of the constitution, both branches of the legislature should meet next day at noon, and not before, in the palace of St. Cloud; that General Bonaparte should be intrusted with the execution of their decree, and that to that end he be appointed commander of the Paris garrison, of their own special guard and of the National guard; that he therefore appear and take the oath, and that these resolutions be duly communicated to the directory, to the five hundred, and also to the public by printed proclamation. The motion was carried unanimously.

During these proceedings all the generals present in Paris except Jourdan and Angereau, who had not been invited, but including the stanch republican Lefebre, commander of the garrison, had gathered in and before Bonaparte's house. They had been requested to come in uniform in order to arrange for a review. It was noticed that Bernadotte, though present, was not in uniform. He had so far yielded to the blandishments of his brother-in-law as to come, but declared that he would obey only what was at that moment the chief authority in the state. Lefebre was in uniform, but having met on the way bodies of troops moving without his orders, and not being initiated, he was naturally startled. But Bonaparte knew his man.

"Would you, a supporter of the republic, leave it to perish in the hands of these lawyers?" was his greeting. "See, here is the sword I carried at the Pyramids. I give it to you as a mark of my esteem and confidence."

"Let us throw the lawyers into the river," came the expected answer.

A few moments later arrived the authoritative summons from the Ancients. Bonaparte stepped out on the porch and read their proceedings aloud. By a united impulse the officers flourished their swords in response. It was but an instant before they were mounted, and with Bonaparte in front the cavalcade, headed by men either already famous or destined to become so—Macdonald, Serrurier, Murat, Lannes, Andreossy, Berthier and Lefebre—proceeded to the council chamber. It needed but a hasty glance, as they passed through the city, to see that preconcerted orders had already been carefully executed. The troops were all under arms and at their stations in commanding places throughout the town. Arrived at the Tuileries, the general and his glittering escort entered the chamber.

"Citizen delegates," he said, "the republic was falling. You understood the situation; your course has saved it. Woe to them who cause disorder or disturbance! With the help of General Lefebre, of General Berthier and my other brethren in arms I will arrest them. Let no man look for precedents in the past. Nothing in history is comparable to the end of the eighteenth century, nothing to the present moment. Your wisdom passed this motion; our arms will execute it. We desire a republic founded in true liberty, in civil liberty, in popular representation. We are going to have it. I swear it in my own name and in that of my brethren in arms!" "We swear it!" was the antiphonal response of the assembled generals. Some one indiscreetly suggested that Bonaparte had sworn, but not the oath of allegiance to the constitution required by their previous action, but the president hurriedly declared all further proceedings out of order, the assembly having adjourned by its own act.—Professor W. M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

The Fly's Mouth.

The fly's mouth is really nothing more nor less than a tongue which, at the proper time, runs in and out of a hole in the fly's head, like the tongue of a snake. Even this latter effect may be proved to be a delusion if you are careful in examining a fly while in the act of eating, for it is then that it may be seen that the combination mouth and tongue is simply a tiny black, thread-like proboscis which unfolds from beneath the head, where there is a little niche or socket prepared for it.

When this combination tongue and mouth is unfolded ready for business, it spreads out, dividing into two flat leaves, which are planted smoothly and evenly over the surface from which the little insect hopes to extract a meal. Should the surface prove dry or unyielding, the fly is equal to the emergency, and by a muscular feat he immediately changes his smooth, soft, leaflike tongue into a rasp which works with lightning rapidity over the lump of sugar or other substance, the particles thus dislodged being quickly sucked into the stomach. In case the meal is a liquid one the mouth and tongue combine to make an excellent pump for transferring the food to the place where it will do the most good.—St. Louis Republic.

The Pogonip.

The following explanation is given of the remarkable condition expressed by the word pogonip: "This is said to be a name given by the mountaineers of Nevada to a sort of frozen fog that appears sometimes in winter, even on the clearest and brightest days, in an instant the air is filled with floating needles of ice. To breathe the pogonip is death to the lungs. When it comes, Indians as well as whites rush for shelter. It appears to be caused by the sudden freezing in the air of the moisture which collects about the summits of the high peaks."—New York Ledger.

QUEER LANGUAGE.

The "Camphor Tongue" of a Wild but Inoffensive Race.

One of the queerest languages in the world, used for the queerest purposes, is the "camphor language" of Johore, a country of the Malay peninsula. It has lately been studied and reported upon by Mr. Lake, an English engineer in the service of the sultan of Johore. This language is called the "Pantang Kapor," or camphor language, and is used by the natives and all others who are engaged in gathering the product of the Malayan camphor tree and only at that time. If they used either of the languages of the region, the Malay or the aboriginal Jakun, the natives believe that they could not obtain any camphor, and for a most curious reason. The camphor tree, Dryobalanops camphora, grows abundantly in certain parts of the peninsula, but only occasionally contains camphor crystals. The camphor is not the same as that obtained from the camphor laurel of Formosa and Japan, which is the source of the ordinary camphor of commerce. It is a sort very highly prized by the Chinese in the embalming of their dead, in incense and in medicine, and the gum brings much more than the common camphor.

The Malayans and other Johore natives believe that each species of tree has a spirit or divinity that presides over its affairs. The spirit of the camphor tree is known by the name of Bisan—literally "a woman." Her resting place is near the trees, and when at night a peculiar noise is heard in the woods, resembling that of a cicada, the Bisan is believed to be singing, and camphor will surely be found in the neighborhood. But the spirit of the camphor tree seems to be jealous of the precious gum and must be propitiated, and if she knows that hunters are in quest of it she will endeavor to turn their steps aside. So it is necessary to speak in a tongue which she does not understand. For this purpose the "camphor language" has been invented. It consists of a mixture of Jakun and Malay words, but these are curiously altered and reversed, and the natives positively believe that the divinity of the camphor tree is completely confused. The Jakuns who hunt the camphor are one of the wildest of people, but inoffensive. They live together with monkeys, dogs, cats, innumerable fowls and perhaps a tame hornbill in perfect harmony under movable leaf shelters built on poles in the woods.—Boston Traveller.

The Invincible Armada.

The invincible armada was a famous naval expedition sent by Philip II of Spain against England in 1588. It consisted of 130 vessels, 2,430 great guns, 4,575 quintals of powder, nearly 20,000 soldiers, above 8,000 sailors and more than 3,000 volunteers. It arrived in the English channel on July 19 and was defeated the next day by Admiral Howard, who was seconded by Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher. Eight fire ships having been sent into the Spanish fleet, they bore off in great disorder. Profiting by the panic, the English fell upon them and captured or destroyed a number of their ships, and Admiral Howard maintained a running fight from July 21 to July 27, with such effect that the Spanish commander, despairing of success, resolved to return home, and as escape through the English channel was prevented by contrary winds he undertook to sail around the Orkneys, but the vessels which still remained to him were dispersed by storms or shipwrecked among the rocks and shallows on different parts of the Scottish and Irish coast, and upward of 5,000 men were drowned, killed or taken prisoners. Of the whole armada 53 ships only returned to Spain, and these in a wretched condition. The English lost but one ship.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Animals That Commit Suicide.

Intelligent observers have testified to facts which appear to show that in certain circumstances the snake, scorpion and even some quadrupeds commit suicide. M. Henry, a clock manufacturer of Longuyon, France, has recently described an experiment of the kind which he made with a wasp. The wasp was imprisoned under a glass, and knowing that benzine asphyxiates insects he put some paper soaked in it beside the captive. The wasp became uncomfortable, then angrily attacked the paper, but finding all its efforts unavailing it finally lay down on its back, and folding up its abdomen planted its sting thrice into its body. M. Henry was so curious to confirm the fact that, in spite of his humane feelings, he repeated the experiment on three wasps with the like result.—London Globe.

The Scholars of France.

As a sample of the payment of distinguished scholars in this country it may be mentioned that M. Gaston Boissier, who was lately elected life secretary of the Academy, only received $600 annually as rector of the College de France. In his new position he is entitled to $1,200, or double the sum paid him as head of the great educational establishment over which Ernest Renan ruled. The immortals, according to the foundation rules, are supposed to be paid $300 yearly, in addition to their fees for attending meetings. As a matter of fact, however, they only receive $200 annually. The remainder of the sum forms a sinking fund, out of which eight aged academicians get allowances, if their private annual income falls short of $1,200.—Paris Letter.

Unjust Fate.

"Here is another one of them piutes," said Mr. Dismal Dawson, "in the paper that says he never was so happy as when he was working by the day."

"Well?" ventured Mr. Everett Wrest, with languid interest.

"Well, you say? W'y, it is jist this. Here is a feller that really likes work rollin in more money than he kin count, and here is you and me, that money would do some good. I guess you know where we are at without no furder words."—Cincinnati Tribune.

CALIFORNIA IN 3½ DAYS FROM CHICAGO.

Variable Route

Tourist tickets allowing privileges never before accorded, can be obtained with full information, upon application at City Ticket Office,

208 CLARK ST. CHICAGO.

All meals served in Dining Cars. Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleepers are run through to San Francisco without change, leaving Chicago daily via the

North-Western Line.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS

State President, John T. Keating, 3627 Jackson av, Hyde Park.
State Vice-President, Ed J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1240 Gaty av, East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Henely, 3146 Groveland av.
County Vice-President, W. J. Dougherty.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 693 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, P. Holden.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Finegan.
The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 306, 120 Randolph st; T A Becket, V-P; Michael Tuohy, Rec Sec, 142½ Jackson st; Wm Terrill, Fin Sec, J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V-P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—J J Cullinan, Pres, 3034 Sullivan court; James Perkins, V-P; John Lavelle, Rec Sec, 624 Elston av; James Shannon, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas. Meet at cor North av and Holt st, 2d Monday and 4th Sunday at 8:30 and 2:30 p m.

Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 708 31st st; Peter F Rudigan, V P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 3948 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canalport av and Union st.

Div 5—P F Golden, Pres, 141 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V-P; Thos E Collins, R S, 343 James J Brennan, V P; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O Connor W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O Connor Lynch, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; H H Ryan, Rec Sec, 3673 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 712 W Forty-third st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; Patk Behan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2703 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 466 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—P J O Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Hannigan, R S, 3030 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4435 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 486 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2901 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2901 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 2001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2968 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O Connor, Rec Sec, 304 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5339 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 31st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5818 Justine st; P McMahon, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4644 Lalin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 5252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelcher, V-P; Joun P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; H Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2089 W Fulton st; Wm O'Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 45d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2901 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Canty, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 22—W J Donecty, Pres, 1253 41st st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4316 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 25—Foilx Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 249 Bristol st; James A Wa—n, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Hoy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, 10810 Calumet av; P Barnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Indiana av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heelin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill. 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—Joan T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5457 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5530 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6350 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H noey, Fin Sec, C Molnerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

Pres't, J H Carmody, 20 Vernon Park place; V-P, D J Scion; Rec Sec, J P Harding, 3033 Morgan st; Fin Sec, M J Ryan; Treas, P O Beirne. Knight Commander, John Dadle; V-A Comdr, T J Ryan; Sergt-at-Arms, P Morro. Meet firs Thursday of each month, 8 p m, in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. P J Kennedy, President, 121 Miller-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; William S Dillon, 2d V-P; J J Barry, Secretary, 22 Plum-st; Ed Dempsey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treasurer. Meets first and third Sundays of each month, at 3 p m, in Father Mathew hall, 367 W Taylor-st. The 1st and 3d Mondays of each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 634 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. E. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 23, 69 Dearborn st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 23, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blueisland-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George B Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 525 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hismanst; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 948 Lafling st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 138 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1493 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4092 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 359 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queely's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Wabash av and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R 329 Fifty-fourth st; Joseph Mott, Rec Sec, 5745 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 87th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 448 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 261 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1096 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math Volz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honlin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 138 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 18th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebracht, 1937 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 836 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Gouwens; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 66 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry schooner. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Kling; Treas, J J Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, J Conroy; T, J M Kenake. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3805 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Hendrics, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Rinn's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cox, 3523 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burke; T, P C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5000 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1036 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Tiessen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John Wesenhill; T, L Bessenguerman. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Grace sts.

Lava No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2000 Jessen st; R S, T T Pratt, 2033 Archer av; F S, F DeGulse; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western av and Archer av.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 3901 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3940 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Hoey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3412 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John S Commer, 266 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Bechinger; T, P Mueller Meet in, near 50 W

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Colen at. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER. MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.

$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.

OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.

OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.

OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH. WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE. PRICE $5.50.

OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2. GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS. HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.

OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only $9.75

NO. 9—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings. Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff compos

SHOURDS, ADCOCK & TEUFEL,

66 STATE STREET.

Dealers in Diamonds, Watches, and STERLING SILVERWARE.

WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Established 1860. Phone 3885.

7th Regt. Band, I. N. G.

John F. Forrest, Chief Musician.

MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

OFFICE, 151 RANDOLPH STREET,

Next to Hooley's Theatre. CHICAGO.

JAMES BURNS

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.

Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.

183--189 Dearborn St., Rooms 601 and 602, Adams Express Building, Chicago.

A. F. CONROY, D.D.S.

DENTIST,

122 Wabash Av., Cor. Madison St.

FIFTH FLOOR.

FRANCIS J. NORTON,

ARCHITECT.

Masonic Temple.

Suites 1410-28. Chicago, Ill.

No Cure. No Pay!

DR. KEAN

THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

157 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

DELANEY & MURPHY,

WHOLESALE

LIQUOR DEALERS.

10 & 12 Wabash Av,

CHICAGO

Kentucky Whisky Sold in Bond. Spanish and American Altar Wines Specialty.

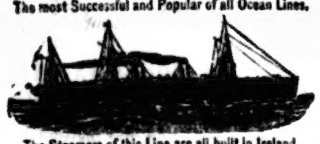
WHEN GOING TO EUROPE, Or Sending for Your Friends,

BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE

MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.



The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC, 10,000 Tons, 582 Feet, 5 days, 15 hours, 5 min.

TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons, 582 Feet, 5 days, 16 hours, 31 min.

BRITANNIC, 7 days, 6 hours, 32 min.

GERMANIC, 7 days, 7 hours, 3 min.

ADRIATIC.

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian and Finnish ports.

Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information, apply to the White Star Line agent of your place, or to the Company's office.

H. SAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, N. Y.

N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,

44 SOUTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO.

CADAN FREEMAN BOOTH.

John O'Brien Lumber Co.

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES and MOULDINGS. Send for Delivered Price Lists. Correspondence Invited.

TWENTY-SECOND AND THROOP STS. TELEPHONE CANAL 65.

Take Blue Island or Centre-av. cars.

COOKE BREWING CO.,

27th St. and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF "COOKE'S IMPERIAL BEER."

This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

ANOTHER CHANCE!

All Who Pay a Year's Subscription Before Sept. 20, 1895, Will Receive

A New and Splendid, Complete and Authentic,

MAP OF IRELAND,

36x27 INCHES,

Showing Every Point of Interest from Fair Head to Cape Clear, and from Clew Bay to the Hill of Howth.

This fine Map is accompanied by an index, giving the population of provinces and counties, and the names of islands, lakes, mountains, rivers and towns.

DO NOT NEGLECT THIS LIBERAL OFFER!

CALL AND PAY A DEposit and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.

We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.

Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,

Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents

134 WEST MADISON STREET.

OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN

John Naghten & Co,

INSURANCE.

A Specialty made of Insuring Churches, Church Property, Academies School Houses and Dwellings, at Reasonable Rates

181 LaSalle-st, Chicago

Telephone 523.

Business Directory.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M. Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs, 150 to 166 West Madison Street, Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S, Dealers in All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered Office and Yard 803 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM, Dealer in Teas, Wines and Liquors, 44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago. Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

St. MARY'S ACADEMY.

(One Mile West of Notre Dame University.)

The 80th Academic Term Will Open Monday, Sept. 2, 1895.

The Academic Course is thorough in the Preparatory, Senior and Classical Grades. Music Department, on the plan of the best Conservatories of Europe, is under charge of a complete corps of teachers. Studio modeled on the great Art Schools of Europe. Drawing and Painting from life and the antique. Phonography and Type-Writing taught. Buildings equipped with Fire Escapes. A separate department for children under 13. Apply for catalogue to Directress of the Academy,

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Notre Dame P. O., St. Joseph Co., Ind.

KEELEY

Brewing Co.

MALTSTERS

AND

Lager Beer Brewers,

TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.

CHICAGO ILL.

MONON CHICAGO & CINCINNATI LINE C H&D

BEST LINE

—TO—

Indianapolis, Cincinnati,

AND THE South.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,

232 Clark St., - Chicago.

THE MONON.. BEST ROUTE BETWEEN Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville AND THE SOUTH.

Only line to FRENCH LICK and WEST BADEN SPRINGS... 'The Carlsbad of America.' Hotels open the year round.

City Ticket Office, 232 Clark St., Chicago.

W. H. McDOEL, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.

FRANK J. REED, General Pass. Agent.

CLEAR COAL & MINING CO.

Make your contract with the Clear Coal & Mining Co. for Clear Lump Coal. We will furnish you this coal at $1.90 per ton delivered by wagon and well screened, for the coming year. This is an A1 steam coal. These prices are only good to manufacturers and steam users of coal; trusting all will give it a trial. We are also selling Hard Coal at lowest prices and on liberal terms.

CLEAR COAL & MINING CO.,

Room 66, 159 LaSalle St. PHONE MAIN 3262.

M. E. CLEAR, President.

McAVOY

BREWING COMPANY

2349 South Park Avenue.

PURE LAGER BEER. FINE BOTTLED EXPORT.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.

ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice-President.

H. T. BELLAMY, Secretary and Treasurer.

Telephone South 257.

P. H. Heffron.

RICHELIEU WINE CO. (INCORPORATED)

WHISKIES IN BOND OR TAX PAID

IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS

74 VAN BUREN ST. Chicago, Ill.

5 DAYS 7 Hours, 23 Minutes. FASTEST TIME ON RECORD, BY THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD MAIL LINE.

The New Twin-Screw Steamships,

"LUCANIA" "CAMPANIA"

620 ft. Long, 12,950 Tons, 30,000 H.-P. Positively the Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent in the World.

"Umbria" "Etruria" "Aurania" "Servia"

520 ft. Long, 8500 Tons, 14,500 Horse-power, and other Floating Palaces, comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast-Express Passenger Steamers.

TWO AND THREE SAILINGS A WEEK. ALL CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN.

SEND FOR YOUR FRIENDS

by this line, which has been running Over 54 Years and has Never Lost a Passenger.

Unequalled Second-Cabin and Steerage accommodations on all Steamers at moderate rates.

FREE USE of BEDDING and UTENSILS for all Steerage passengers.

P. D. WHITING, Gen. N. W. Agt. Clark and Randolph Sts. Chicago.

GRAHAM & SONS, 134 W. Madison St. Chicago.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4383.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO ASK FOR PABST

CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE.

CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS

RICHARD DEU SCH, Manager.

Sold Everywhere. Try It.

P. E. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 1001 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF PETER JOYCE, DECEASED. —All persons having claims against the estate of said Joyce, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1895, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, August 5, 1895.

NORA JOYCE, Administratrix.

AGENTS Wanted. Renewal Salary Paid. All business to travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

AMERICAN LINE

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.

THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

New York — Southampton — London

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The shortest and most convenient route to London. *No transfer by tender—No tidal delays.* Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.

Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool

EVERY SATURDAY.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.

Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.

Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY, 32 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.

FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass. Ag't.

CONRAD SEIPP

Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Telephone 8350.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER.

PILSENER BEER.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ

Brewing Company,

MILWAUKEE.

Represented by

Edward G. Uihlein,

Corner Erie and Union Sts. Chicago.